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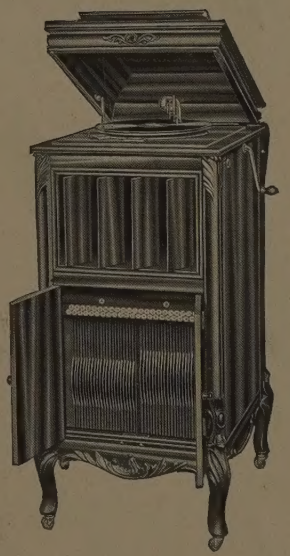

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Miss Chrystal Herne

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. An intimate article on Miss Herne's career will be found on page 176.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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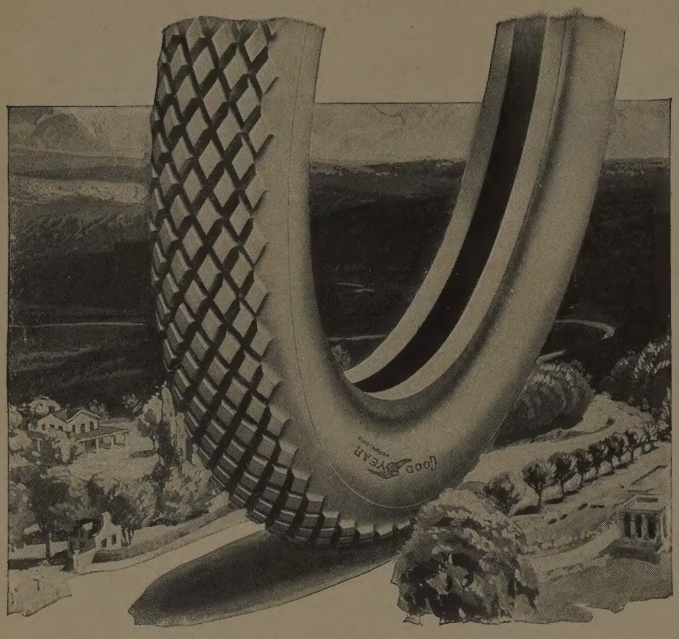

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXI. APRIL, 1915 No. 170

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

Photo Strauss-Peyton

HELEN WARE

Who will play the part of Madeleine Renaud, the rôle originated by Agnes Booth, in the forthcoming Frohman-Belasco revival of D'Ennery and Cormon's famous play, "A Celebrated Case"

THE NEW PLAYS

Photo White

Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Montagu Love in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula"

BOOTH. "THE TRAP." Melodrama in four acts by Richard Harding Davis and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on February 19th with this cast:

Jane Carson.....Martha Hedman	Messenger .....Albert Wolfe
William Graham.....David Powell	Helen Carson.....Elaine Hammerstein
Henry Carson.....Frederick Burton	Butler .....George Berliner
Martin .....Tully Marshall	George Anderson.....Robert Wayne
Edward Fallon.....Holbrook Blinn	

If a drama is in four divisions the experienced playwright usually sets himself for a knockout "punch" in the third. Often a play is made or rather dragged out to fill an evening with little more than this single scene as a *raison d'être*. It might possibly be a trifle unfair to describe "The Trap" as a drama coming in under this description, but from the fact that its antipenultimate act was Richard Harding Davis' vaudeville sketch called "Blackmail," it would seem that Jules Eckert Goodman had worked forward and backward from that exciting crisis that a complete program might be written for exploitation at the Booth Theatre.

Aside from this third act in which a blackmailer is killed by the woman in the case after a series of strategic moves on both sides which make for exciting suspense, there is not very much in "The Trap" to call for analytical criticism. The first act, the scene of which is laid in the Yukon, shows how Jane Carson was tricked into a false marriage, on the strength of which "a tinhorn gambler" named Martin proceeds to blackmail her. Edward Fallon, brother of the recreant bridegroom, since murdered, is in love with Jane, but the latter, summoned home by the illness of her mother, marries one William Graham. Fallon, who has struck it rich, wants to share his good fortune with Jane, as she was the original owner of the claim; but her stupid husband suspects his generous motive, and from all this is evolved the stirring third act. The final division is quite stupid but mercifully brief.

As a convincing drama "The Trap" failed in its purpose. Jane's utter density, aided and abetted by her husband's want of common sense and politeness, alone make the complications possible. Miss Martha Hedman is Jane. On the opening night, at least, she failed to get within the skin of the character. She was hard and metallic, unsure in her transitions of mood and technically awkward. Her husband was played by David Powell with sincere earnestness, while Holbrook Blinn's poise and personal authority

White David Powell Holbrook Blinn Martha Hedman

SCENE IN "THE TRAP" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

brought reality to the rôle of Fallon. Tully Marshall was suavely disagreeable as the blackmailer. Frederick Burton played an optimistic speculator with some humor, while his daughter was acted with up-to-date assurance by Elaine Hammerstein.

KNICKERBOCKER. "FADS AND FANCIES." Musical medley in two acts. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough; music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced on March 8th with the following cast:

Professor Glum.....Frank Moulan	James Henry George.....Frank Conroy
Chase Clews.....Tom McNaughton	Sylvester Nightingale....George Lemaire
Ayling Harte.....Paul Morton	Hawkshaw Holmes.....John Miller
Leicester Square.....Frank Doane	Sherlock Pinkerton.....James Mack
Alan .....Tyler Brooke	Miss Murgatroyd.....Maude Gray
Phoebe .....Stella Hoban	Mrs. Wadburner.....Daisy Rudd
Mrs. Hunter-Rumpuss....Madge Lessing	Mushagoogoo .....David Abrahams
Sig. Giovanni Gasolini.....Leo Carrillo	Fido ....David Abrahams, Jr.
The Spirit of Pleasure...Lydia Lopokova	An Irish Geisha.....Elise Murray
Sally Mander.....Laura Hamilton	

Musical ventures these days are produced on such a lavish scale that money seems to be no object. Yet these are days in which economy is urged on all sides. There is one item on which nearly every producer might save shekels. Begin by dispensing with the librettist. Someone will still have to write the lyrics but who shall say that modern dialogue is either necessary or desirable? "Fads and Fancies" is a notable case in point. It starts with the glimmering of an idea. What becomes of it afterward no one either knows or cares. Described as a musical medley in two acts, the piece is nothing more than a vaudeville entertainment of varying degrees of integral merit. Three times Conroy and Lemaire appear during its action, in three several black-faced specialties of rip-roaring fun. Eliminate them and not a laugh would remain. Take out Lydia Lopokova and her charming expressions of choreographic artistry and "Fads and Fancies" is a sad and dreary waste of ill-spent enthusiasm. It takes fourteen scenes to set off the happenings of this piece, and some of them are elaborate in construction and all very high in color. What passes in front of them is mainly inconsequential save the one representing the Mylaminnit Inn or the Electric Speedway. Herein is enacted a bright and amusing satire on the present day craze of "hitting it up." The humor is apt, the pace intense and the action ingenious and original in its application to modern restlessness, while the conclusion to Act I, The Hunt Ball, is another grouping, rich and effective in color and suffused with a picturesque motion indicative of the various forms of dance. In point of numbers and beauty the chorus is beyond criticism. It labors without ceasing, changing its costumes with nearly every change of scene. The result is a bewildering expression of youthful pulchritude in incessant motion.

Raymond Hubbell contributes the score. *I'm Lonely for Only One* and *We'll Take Care of You Here* are two numbers that have a pleasant appeal. The company is a large one. That it accomplishes so little is due to the paucity of the material with which it is called upon to work. Madge Lessign is a Mrs. Hunter-Rumpuss in search of a thrill. Frank Moulan is wasted on nothing. Tom McNaughton, through his own personality, is amusing in spots, and Paul Morton sings and dances with neatness of delivery and faultless rhythm. David Abrahams is amusing as a dog and Lopokova finds a valuable dancing partner in Tyler Brooke.

But after all, if there were no Lopokova and no Conroy and Lemaire, "Fads and Fancies" would not get very far.

44TH STREET. "THE PEASANT GIRL." Operetta in three acts. Music by Oskar Nedbal; additional numbers by R. Friml. Book by Leo Stein. Adapted by Edgar Smith. Lyrics by Herbert Reynolds and H. A. Atteridge. Produced on March 2d with the following cast:

Von Mirski, Ernest Hare; Countess Napolski, Edith Hallor; Pan Jan Zaremba, Francis J. Boyle; Jadwiga Pawlowa, Ethel Houston; Wanda Kwadinskaja, Letty Yorke; Bronio Von Popiel, Clifton Crawford; Count Baranski, John C. Thomas; Helena Emma Trentini; Wlatek, Henry Mack; Von Gorski, Charles Guidon; Von Senovica, Stanley Henry; Celeste, Frances Pritchard; Baroness Petroffski, Lucille Blair; Fraulein Drygalska, Karen Krischner.

This is another case of the successful Americanization of a foreign opera. The process by which an alien product is naturalized is an easy and satisfying one. The book is usually turned over to somebody named Smith, a very capable Smith, and with other forces co-operating, we get something different and yet the same. The original book was written by Leo Stein, author of "The Merry Widow." The music, as a matter of course, is full of catchy melodies, and was written by Nedbal and Friml. The three principals in the acting, dancing and singing are Mme. Trentini, Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. The particular and uncommon dancing sprite of the performance, however, is Miss Frances Pritchard, who with Mr. Clifford as a convenience, did some wonderful things in getting about the stage to music, wonderful because so new and because so close to the very best of that sort of thing that has been done in New York, and which has been considered unapproachable.

Mme. Trentini exercises herself more in comedy than has been her custom. There is a plot, not worth the while to relate in detail, in which Trentini becomes the housekeeper of a Hungarian Count whom she loves, and succeeds in extricating him from a certain entanglement in marrying him herself. Letty Yorke has some of the best songs, *The Best Waltz of All*, for instance, with a dance with Mr. Thomas. *Love Is Like a Butterfly*, Miss Pritchard and Mr. Crawford, as one of the catchy numbers. Mme. Trentini, among other songs, has one entitled, *Love Is the Reason.*

Clifton Crawford has a very funny and amusing specialty, practically monologue, which sustains him in the favor he has won as an interesting entertainer in his own right, sufficient in itself.

A Snapshot Guide to the Theatres

ASTOR. "HELLO BROADWAY." Musical entertainment burlesquing the season's successes and featuring George M. Cohan and William Collier.

BANDBOX. Bill of four unusual plays acted by the Washington Square Players.

BELASCO. "MARIE-ODILE." Spiritual play of a young girl's innocence—an incident of the Franco-Prussian war—beautifully and simply told.

CANDLER. "ON TRIAL." Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a novel and effective way. One of the genuine successes of the present season.

CASINO. "EXPERIENCE." Ingenious morality play depicting the perils that beset Youth in the Big City.

COHAN. "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." Highly amusing farce growing out of the idea that publicity spells success.

COMEDY. "THE WHITE FEATHER." Play of the present war and the German spy system.

CORT. "UNDER COVER." Polite melodrama of the New York Customs, with a novel twist at the end.

ELTINGE. "THE SONG OF SONGS." Vivid and somewhat salacious play of gay life in New York; based on Sudermann's novel.

EMPIRE. "THE SHADOW." Rather sad drama of a husband's infidelity and a wife's self sacrifice. Remarkable analysis of a woman's soul.

48TH STREET. "THE LAW OF THE LAND." Strong, but unpleasant drama of a husband's brutality, with amusing police incidents.

44TH STREET. "THE PEASANT GIRL." Successful version of a foreign opera, with catchy music and the popular Emma Trentini.

FULTON. "TWIN BEDS." Vastly amusing farce, built on the complications of life in a New York apartment house.

GAIETY. "DADDY LONG-LEGS." Simple and appealing little play of an orphan drudge who eventually marries her benefactor.

GLOBE. "CHIN-CHIN." Musical fantasy with the inimitable Montgomery and Stone and a bevy of pretty girls.

HARRIS. "THE LIE." Interesting drama of English life with emotional opportunities for Margaret Illington.

HUDSON. "THE SHOW SHOP." A play within a play; clever farce dealing with life behind the scenes.

KNICKERBOCKER. "FADS AND FANCIES." Musical medley with vaudeville features.

LITTLE. "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS." Agreeable and occasionally funny comedy, acted by an English company.

LONGACRE. "INSIDE THE LINES." Drama of the present war, with strong situations and an interesting spy complication.

LYCEUM. "OUTCAST." Unusual but unpleasant play, chiefly interesting as a study toward life of an outcast.

LYRIC. "THE ONLY GIRL." Musical comedy by the popular authors of "Mlle. Modiste." Clever entertainment above the average in artistic merit.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA." Revival of Antony Hope's picturesque eighteenth century romantic comedy.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Mr. and Mrs. Castle and other favorites in a musical hodge podge.

PARK. "POLYGAMY." A vital drama of Mormon life showing the results of plural marriage.

PLAYHOUSE. "SINNERS." Old-fashioned melodrama of the kind that used to delight our grandfathers.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "THE CLEVER ONES." Comedy satirizing certain English sociological fads.

REPUBLIC. "KICK IN." Crook melodrama with "a punch," dealing with life in the underworld.

SHUBERT. "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT." Typical English musical show from the Gaiety Theatre, London.

39TH STREET. "TAKING CHANCES." Comedy with a gentleman burglar, impersonated by Lou-Tellegen, for its hero.

WALLACK'S. Alternate bill. "ANDROCLES AND THE LION." Witty fantasy by the irrepressible G. B. Shaw, and "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," staged with the elaborate externals of the Reinhardt-Craig-Barker School.

WINTER GARDEN. "MAID IN AMERICA." Usual girl-and-music show, featuring popular vaudeville favorites.

Brandenburg RHY ALEXANDER
Appearing in "The Show Shop" at the Hudson

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA." Romantic comedy in four acts by Anthony Hope. Revived on March 1st with the following cast:

Sir George Sylvester, Montagu Love; Earl of Hassenden, Robert Whitworth; The Rev. Mr. Blimbee, Cecil King; Mr. Dent, Campbell Gollan; Mr. Castleton, Charles Coleman; Sir Robert Clifford, Frederick Macklyn; Mr. Ward, Leslie Austen; Mr. Devereux, Edward Martyn; Quilton, William Giffard; Mills, Leslie Rycroft; Servant, Eric Snowden; Dorothy Fenton, Virginia Fox Brooks; Mrs. Fenton, Annie Esmond; Lady Ursula Barrington, Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry, whose visiting tour was unhappily interrupted in the early part of the season, is now brought forward by Joseph Brooks in this costume play, which has its particular opportunities for one of the most attractive women of the stage masquerading, for a while, as a young gallant. The play was produced in New York about eighteen years ago with Virginia Harned as Lady Ursula. The revival of old plays, particularly when their kind is seldom played, depends upon the people who revive them. If the actress playing the part of the girl masquerading as a young man were commonplace looking, and if her beauty did not commend the spirit of romanticism in the story, a duel by such a person might have the effect of absurdity. We do not think the public has any quarrel with the romantic play. It is always ready for it when it is well done. We shall never cease to be mildly amused as the modesty of the girl-man when she remembers the absence of her skirts. The attractiveness of such a masquerader protects her from the intrusion of any impression of absurdity. Naturally, the material out of which the story is made and the incidents and situations contrived, is not at all substantial. The result is that there is some repetition. Some of the incidents are forced, as when she is about to fight a duel across the table with her lover, one of the pistols only being loaded. The situation is less interesting than the individuals and their acting. Lady Ursula has the warrant of Rosalind for her mannish behavior, and so long as Rosalind retains virtue in performance will actresses of uncommon attractiveness be able to play such parts. Miss Virginia Fox Brooks, the daughter of the manager, made her début on this occasion in the part of Dorothy Fenton. She has undoubted facility of expression and intelligence in interpretation. Mr. Montagu Love, as Sir George Sylvester, the object of the innocent intrigue, was most capable. The rest of the cast was competent.

Bangs LOTTIE COLLINS, JR.
Now appearing in vaudeville on the Keith Circuit

LONGACRE. "INSIDE THE LINES." Play in three acts by Earl Derr Biggers. Produced on February 12th with the following cast:

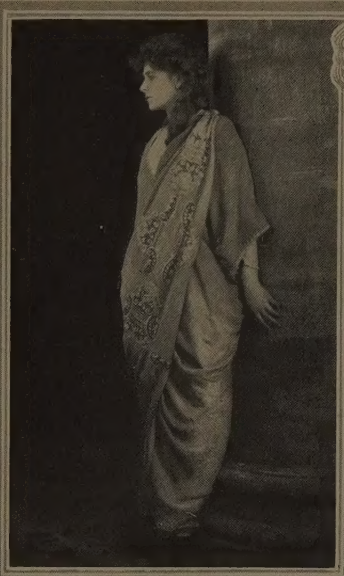
Joseph Almer.....Robert McWade	Lady Crandall.....Marion Abbott
Henry J. Sherman.....Camilla Crume	Jane Gerson.....Carroll McComas
Kitty Sherman.....Isabel Goodwin	Mr. Reynolds.....Edward See
Fritz.....Robert Fischer	Captain Woodhouse.....Lewis S. Stone
Henry J. Sherman.....James Bradbury	Jaimihr Khan.....Macey Harlam
William Kimball.....Wm. Keighley	General Crandall.....Henry Stephenson
Maria.....Mildred Morris	Major Bishop.....Horace Pollack
Mr. Capper.....Ivan Simpson	Maid.....Cynthia Latham
Sergeant Crosby.....Mayne Lynton	

With "Inside the Lines" we have our second war play. Written by an American, the ingenuity of whose novel furnished the basis and material to "Seven Keys to Baldpate," it is half comedy and half melodrama. A considerable number of its active and most entertaining characters are Americans. They find themselves at Gibraltar at about the beginning of the war when banking facilities were suspended. Their letters of credit are worth nothing. Payment must be made in gold. The play opens with the scenes growing out of these circumstances. That the president of a bank from some little town in Illinois, a person of money and consequence there, should suddenly find himself reduced to a penniless and inconsequential thing, with his family with him, necessarily affords moments of comedy, particularly when that Westerner is acted by James Bradbury, who manages to give a comical twist to every line. Then we have sentiment and American ingenuity, backed by beauty, in the person of Carroll McComas, who has managed to fall in love with the supposed German spy, Woodhouse, who is really a Britisher of the Secret

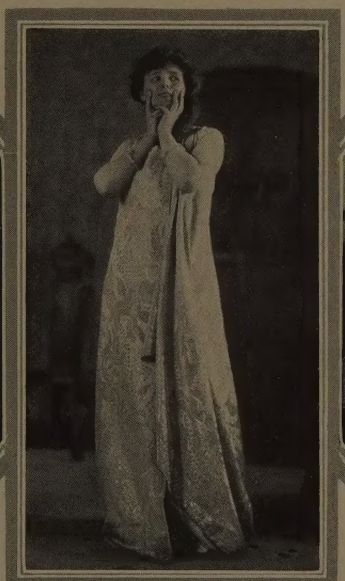
(Continued on page 208)

Copyright Moffett FRANCES DEMAREST
Playing in "The Passing Show of 1914" on tour

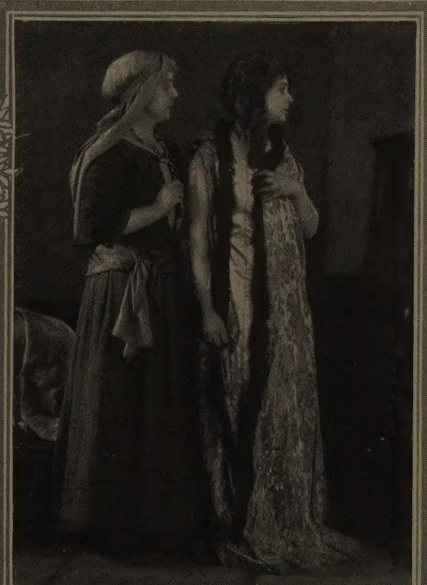
Maude Adams in Barrie's Fantasy "The Ladies' Shakespeare"

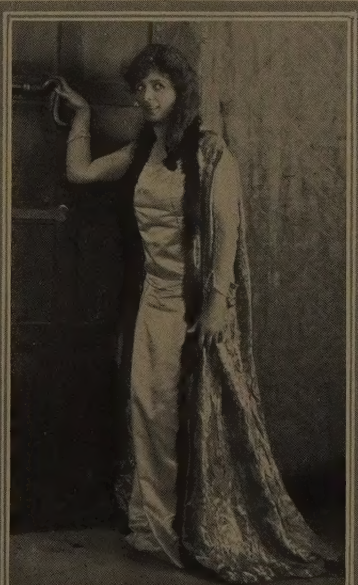


"The Ladies' Shakespeare," which forms part of the triple bill in which Maude Adams is now appearing in other cities, is a travesty in one act and three elaborate scenes by Sir James M. Barrie. It is described on the program as 'being one woman's reading of a notorious work called 'The Taming of the Shrew,' edited by J. M. Barrie.'" The author has taken a new view of the old play, no less than the turning of the tables, making Petruchio and not Katherine the tamed one.



"It is a curious bit of satire, of no great value from a dramatic standpoint," says the Boston *Post*, "but affording Miss Adams an opportunity to display her individuality. According to Sir James' idea, Katherine sized up Petruchio as what is known in street parlance as a 'bluff.' Accordingly she 'called' him, and whenever she really wished anything, she opposed it, and in that manner accomplished her desires. The food he brought she appeared to be eager for, when in reality she had





a store of better provisions laid by for her own use. It was the same with caps and gowns and other things which she did not care for. In the end she showed how she had won her own way in everything and Petruchio had been her willing slave." The humor of the little play is said to be wholly delightful.

All the above pictures, taken by the Moffett Studio, Chicago, are copyright by Charles Frohman

How Frances Starr Trained for the Role of a Nun

I HAVE always liked convents," said Frances Starr. A stay within convent walls was the most harmonious experience of my life——"

The young star, of the auspicious name and the signal performance, hesitated. It is seldom that she hesitates. She is of decisive habit and clear vision. She knows what to do and how to do it. That is one reason why she has registered in the consciousness of the public that she is a young actress who approaches the cerebral quality of Mrs. Fiske.

"I hadn't intended to tell anything about that, I have refused many times," she said slowly. "It seems wrong to tear away the veil of seclusion from their beautiful lives——"

"But your impressions of convent life and how it helped you to give us the illuminated picture of Marie-Odile would be of great interest to theatre-goers," I objected.

The actress was silent for a moment. Finally she said:

"Convent life always appealed to me. I had often visited convents in Europe, especially those in and about Paris. I had never been able to spend more than a day in them. But the longing to spend at least a fortnight within their walls was strong. I had promised myself that relaxation and exaltation. When I read the play 'Marie-Odile' and Mr. Belasco decided that I should play it the longing to live for a time in a convent was augmented by what I believed was the actual need of it. I never have thought that one needs to go to the source to study types. I believe that that is nonsense. We do not need the physical exterior. What we need is insight. But to better know a soul, so that you may understand it is different. There is the difference between mere externals and the psychology of a part. I have a friend, a Roman Catholic, who arranged, through her confessor, for my stay in a convent in New England. She accompanied me and was my companion during my stay. We arrived at the end of a day of dusty travel in a quaint town by the sea. We drove at dusk through the straggling village and, at the meeting place of shore and woods, drove to the gate of a high wall and rang for admittance. A little portress in black habit admitted us.

"'We were expecting you,' she said. 'You are a little late.' She tried to take my bag but I woulun't permit it. She was smaller than I. So together we carried it upstairs. I was shown into a bare, square room, without rugs, but with clean, shining floor, a high ceiling, four French windows—I've always doted on French windows and determined to have them in my own home which I shall some day build—a four-poster bed, a plain little dresser, a clothes press and a writing table.

"At seven we were called by a bell to the refectory. We ate a simple, nourishing supper at a long table in a high-ceilinged room, bare of everything save the necessaries. It was like the long refectories we have seen in the pictures of monasteries. Two of the sisters were present. One sat at the side of the table and read to us, for conversation was not permitted at table. The other sister served us.

"I was impressed during that reading with the fresh, wholesome beauty of the girl, for she was a mere girl, who read to us from the 'Life of St. Francis of Assisi,' and by her keen intelligence. There was a scimitar-like keenness in her penetration of subtleties. Her sense of humor was exquisite.

"At the long table were other women, like ourselves, from the world, who had come for rest. It was what in the church is known as a "Retreat," a time spent in meditation, in isolation from the world. These fellow boarders were what we meet any day in any crowded city. For me they did not much matter but the blessed sisters greatly mattered.

"The next morning a bell, sweet, low-toned, but insistent, called us from our beds at five. It was a summons to chapel. I covered my head, as is the rule, with a white veil, and hurried through the dim corridor. Shadowy figures preceded and followed me. Some were women from the world, like myself. Here and there we all but stumbled over a little nun, scrubbing the floor, or polishing the brass work on the door knobs.

"The matin service was read by a priest. From behind a curtain came the voices of nuns, some old and cracked, some young and with lark-like freshness. One high soprano thrilled through the service, a stream of gold. One rich contralto throbbed pulse-like. The owners of the voices were invisible.

"We returned to our rooms and prepared for breakfast. A bell summoned us. Again there was a simple, nourishing meal in the refectory. Again the girl with the fine mind and the sense of humor, in the nun's habit, read to us the story of the life of one of the saints. The other nun waited upon us.

"After breakfast I took a long walk on the shore. I returned in time for one o'clock dinner. In the afternoon I walked again. I returned to my room and read from the Lives of the Saints. They are the most interesting of stories. Then I sewed."

"What?" I looked about the luxurious drawing room of the girl star for the embroidery she had wrought within convent walls.

"I hemmed towels, you realist," she laughed. "Not hemstitched, not embroidered, just hemmed them. The work seemed in keeping with the simplicity of the life I had planned for myself at the convent. At four a bell sounded for vespers. I attended that service and walked again.

"At seven I came back to a substantial supper. A bell called us to the little chapel at the end of the corridor for meditation and prayer. Then back to my room. I undressed by candlelight, and at eight was ready for sleep.

"That was an example of my days in the convent. There was no variant of them. With one exception. At first I had walked before supper. Latterly, I did not, lest I should miss the most charming feature of the day.

"At dusk the nuns walked in the garden. The younger ones walked backwards, facing the elder ones, that they might chat face to face instead of across shoulders. Their sweet voices came through the dusk. There were gay little trills of laughter. There were voices pitched in light-hearted conversation. I was dying to know what they talked about, but I never got near enough.

"A tall stately woman, with sweet ageing face and preoccupied manner, was pointed out to me. 'That is the Mother Superior,' I heard. 'She has much to do.' I could understand that the administrator of this little city of women, in behind high walls, would have much to do.

"That was all except that I hated to come away and that I shall assuredly go back."

"And the reaction upon yourself?"

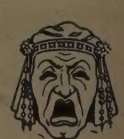
"I am sure it gave me a different outlook. It made me more patient with the trifles that beset us. It deepened my sense of the beauty of unselfish devotion and the dignity of the simplest labor. I cleared my vision of some of the complexities that dim our eyes, and made me see things with the simplicity of concentration."

"And what did it do for Marie-Odile? Did it, for instance, give you that light-footed walk, when you shuffle so weightlessly across the convent floors?"

"No, I think one takes on that with the habit of the nuns. The habit is a symbol and all the externals that seem to belong to it seem naturally to suggest themselves. What I learned at the convent was to understand Marie-Odile. To understand is nearly everything, isn't it?"

"In one respect my playing the little novice is different than anything else I have ever done. It has made me utterly unconscious of Frances Starr. When I put on my habit, Frances Starr is pushed so far into the background that she is forgotten. That has never been true of my other performances. I believe that the power of detachment from personality that I imbibed within those convent walls made this possible.

"I have never been so happy in my life as since I



Copyright Ira L. Hill

FRANCES STARR IN THE TITLE ROLE OF "MARIE-ODILE," AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

have been playing Marie-Odile. My happiness is in the atmosphere of the play. Nuns are the happiest women in the world. They have the cheerfulness of one who has a single purpose in life. Their lives are smooth, gently flowing, peaceful currents. They know none of the cross-currents that we call complexities and distractions. Their happiness is a by-product of absolute concentration.

"Marie-Odile, as Mr. Knoblauch has created her, and as I try to represent her, is a childlike personification of the spirit of the convent. She is unalterably cheerful. Nothing hurts her for long. She knows no such canker of the soul as resentment. Rebuffs and reproofs fell away from her. Jealousy was unknown to her. Think of a life that has never known envy or jealousy.

"That is something we derive from even a little stay in a convent, a sense of a great gladness in life. She was grateful for the least good that came to her."

A bell echoed through the smart little apartment Miss Starr occupies with her two sisters, near Central Park. An illustrator for a magazine had called to sketch Marie-Odile. As I glanced back they were inextricably tangled in my thoughts, the convent novice and her creator. So nearly is real art allied to her personality.

ADA PATTERSON.

White Louise Closser Hale Annie Hughes Charles Hampden

SCENE IN SUTRO'S COMEDY, "THE CLEVER ONES," AT THE PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE

Chrystal Herne—a Versatile Actress

CHRYSTAL HERNE, whose portrait in colors appears on the cover of this issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, was the favorite daughter of the great realist and famous playwright, the late James A. Herne. When dying the dramatist said:

"Poor little Chrystal! I hate to think of her battling with the world."

Yet Chrystal Herne has battled so triumphantly that to-day she is one of the foremost leading women on the American stage. Gifted with beauty and a haunting personality, she has burnished her natural gifts with much experience.

At sixteen years of age she made her professional début in the support of her father in his play, "The Reverend Griffith Davenport." She remained in her father's company for two years, until he died. She served apprenticeship to dramatic art in the companies at whose head were E. H. Sothern, Nat Goodwin, Arthur Byron and Arnold Daly. In Mr. Daly's company she played George Bernard Shaw's peculiar heroines in "John Bull's Other Island," "Arms and the Man," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "You Never Can Tell," "The Man of Destiny," and, notably, "Candida."

Subsequently she became the leading woman in the experiment of The New Theatre in Chicago, where she played a wide variety of parts. The value of this wide experience was demonstrated when she created the rôle of Vera Ravendel in "The Melting Pot." She was raised to stardom by the Liebler Company in the title rôle of "The Seventh Daughter," a play by Richard Harding Davis. Unfortunately, the vehicle was too slight for endurance.

Like many of her brothers and sisters of the profession, she has made several excursions into vaudeville, appearing in those testing places of the power of projection, in two sketches by her sister, Julie, in which the author also appeared. She is remembered by the patrons in the leading rôles in "Dora" and "Between the Acts." While playing as the leading woman in Augustus Thomas's "As a Man Thinks," in which John Mason was the star, she attracted the attention of the authors of "Polygamy." Her performance in the Thomas play led to the engagement for that by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, in which she has done the strongest work of her career.

In a satiric piece written by the same authors, as a curtain raiser for their serious drama of Mormonism, Miss Herne surprised her most ardent metropolitan admirers by her performance of the rôle of a shallow, sentimental bride with a gurgling habit.

"Where have you kept your comedy?" they asked. "It is brilliant."

"I love to play sillies," she replied. "I have been playing them in stock in Denver. They didn't know I had ever played sobbing ladies. Denver is very far from New York."

But though it be, to that city is being conveyed the news that James A. Herne's favorite daughter is demonstrating remarkable versatility.

Moffett

CHRYSTAL HERNE
Now appearing in "Polygamy," at the Park

PROMINENT PLAYERS IN THEIR HOMES

No. 14: Miss Pauline Frederick

MILLIONAIRE HOMES IN FILMLAND

The beautiful, classic home of Mr. Philip Lehman, the banker, at Deal Beach, N. J., used recently as the setting for "Aristocracy," a photo-play produced by the Famous Players Film Company

IT is often a matter of surprise to a moving picture audience to see projected on the screen out-door scenes laid in the landscaped grounds of palatial residences, owned by men prominent in the social and financial world, that are very evidently not of the make-believe variety. Almost everybody at one time or another has watched a photoplay which has for its setting the stately, well-kept gardens of some aristocratic home, the luxurious, exclusive millionaire residence that usually the general public is only permitted to take a fleeting glimpse at through iron railings or over tall, artistically trimmed box hedge. When show places of this kind are shown on the film the average spectator does not stop to think how the film manufacturer obtained such a sumptuous setting for his play, but accepts it unquestioningly as one more of the many wonders introduced by the kinetoscope. But those who think, those who realize that such beautiful surroundings could not possibly be faked by the property man, are lost in admiration of the enterprise shown by the film maker in obtaining permission to turn such magnificent estates to his own use, and to their lips instantly rise the questions, "Whose place is that—how do the film people get access to it?"

It is a fact that all the prominent moving picture manufacturers have frequent recourse to the luxurious homes of the wealthy for the settings of photoplays calling for exceptional beauty of surroundings. Stories that have to do with the 400 are as popular to-day with the average film-fan, as they were in the days of Laurajean and The Duchess, when tales of high life always proved "best sellers" with back-stair folk. In these days of absolute realism it is more than ever essential that, if the scenario calls for "outside the palace of the king" or "Lord So and So's sunken gardens," these scenes should be represented with such veri-similitude that even the most hypercritical among the audience accepts them without question for what they are supposed to be.

There was a period in the affairs of the screen when, if the drama had to do with royalty or persons of great wealth, all exterior scenes were carefully avoided. Interior scenes could, of course, be constructed then, as now, in the studio, and some idea of splendor and richness conveyed without much trouble or expense, but it was a different matter when it came to attempting to "fake" beautifully laid out grounds with stately trees, artistic statuary, well-kept lawns and all the rest, and at that time it was found quite impossible to obtain permission to use the kind of grounds appropriate for this purpose. Sometimes the use of such premises

Mary Pickford, as Cinderella, on the steps of "The Prince's Palace." The splendid home of Commodore E. C. Benedict, at Greenwich, Conn., furnished a realistic background as "the palace" in this instance

was obtained surreptitiously, but then it was a matter of keeping an eye open for the police and of possible charges of trespass. In those early days, rich as well as poor regarded the motion picture as an experiment, and the motion player was looked upon very much in the light of the reckless strollers of Marlowe's day, who acted one day and spent the next in jail alternately throughout the year.

But coincident with the general adoption by the amusement going public of the affectionate diminutive "movies," there came a change in the attitude of the public towards the film drama. The motion picture became, and still remains, the petted child of two hemispheres, and, in consequence, the fashionable doors of the *élite* have been opened wide to the cinematograph and to the folk who act before it.

At the present time it is almost a fad among wealthy men to have their beautiful residences serve as the stage for a screen play. Millionaires owning stately homes naturally take a pride in seeing their costly places exhibited on the screen. Indeed, several millionaires, both in the East and West, have become so enthusiastic that figuratively they have given the key of their houses to one or more film companies with permission to use them when needed.

To the moving picture producer the estates of the wealthy are desirable for several reasons. They lend perfect atmosphere—no wooden steps, no tin fountains, no plaster cast statuary. The ornamental trees, lawns and shrubs, the private lake with its water lilies and graceful swans and the substantial, majestic marble terrace, cannot fail to satisfy even the most exacting critic. It might be possible, with the expenditure of a considerable amount of money, to create on an empty lot in Brooklyn something resembling the lovely splendor of a millionaire's gardens, but the result would leave much to be desired. Certainly not even the most lavish financial outlay could possibly attain such realistic and beautiful effects as did the use of G. K. Billings' magnificent estate on the Hudson when the Famous Players Company borrowed it for "The Dancing Girl."

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The sunken gardens of Georgian Court, George Gould's famous place at Lakewood, in which have been laid the scenes of many photo-plays of fashionable life. The Famous Players recently used it for "The Morals of Marcus" and "The Port of Missing Men"

G. K. Billings' magnificent estate on the Hudson recently used for the setting of "The Dancing Girl." In the above picture the players who appeared in the production are seen assembled on Mr. Billings' beautiful sloping lawn

The Billings estate is but one of many to which the film man has had access. Indeed, so numerous are the personages of financial and social importance who have permitted the free use of their grounds, that it is quite the custom now for film makers to use private estates for the taking of all exterior scenes that call for unusual beauty in landscape and location. This is true of most of the larger film concerns. The residences of millionaires are

frequently seen in the releases of the Universal, Mutual, Edison, Lasky, Selig, Vitagraph and other prominent companies.

Another desirable feature of the large private estate, from the producer's point of view, is that it often provides the correct continental atmosphere for pictures whose scenes are supposed to be laid in Europe. It is, of course, generally known that very few of the photo-plays that represent foreign countries are actually taken in those countries. Most of them are taken in the United States. It is by the intelligent use of stately homes that striking foreign effects are obtained.

Norma Phillips, the popular film actress (on the right) and Jean Parke, the writer (on the left) using the grounds of "The Breakers," Mrs. Vanderbilt's summer home at Newport as a background for one of the photo-play series, "Our Mutual Girl"

One home which lends itself particularly well to dramas depicting fashionable life in England is Georgian Court, George J. Gould's famous place at Lakewood, New Jersey. The Famous Players Company recently used the beautiful terraces and walks of these grounds for their presentation of Marie Doro in "The Morals of Marcus." The same company also did supposedly English plays on the fine estate of Frank S. Vanderlip at Sleepy Hollow on the Hudson, called by an authority "the most beautiful home in America," and also on the grounds before the gracefully classic home of Philip Lehman, the banker, at Deal, N. J. The Vanderlip estate also affords good opportunities for early Colonial Dutch scenes which are constantly being thrown on the screen in motion picture productions. The Mutual Film Company has set several of Washington Irving's stories there.

Another home which recently made its début on the screen is that of E. C. Benedict, ex-Commodore of the N. Y. Yacht Club, at Greenwich, Conn. On the grand staircase and in and about its charming walks and arbors Mary Pickford played Cinderella in the recent elaborate film production of that fairy tale. Certainly it would have been difficult to find, anywhere in the world, a palace better suited for this child classic. The beauty of the several scenes taken on the Benedict estate goes to show that without the use of these princely homes the motion picture producers would be hard pressed to put sufficient realism into stories of this kind to make them either picturesque or interesting. Commodore Benedict's home is perhaps ideal for all these pictures.

A unique way of utilizing noted American estates was employed by the Mutual Company in their long serial entitled "Our Mutual Girl." In this story Norma Phillips, as the "Girl," goes all over the East, meeting famous people, and in the course of her travels, she is seen at the homes of the celebrities she meets. Among the beautiful homes and estates employed as settings in this connection were: "The Breakers," the castle-like summer residence of Mrs. Vanderbilt at Newport, R. I.; Andrew Carnegie's imposing mansion at Fifth Avenue and 96th St., New York, in which scene the laird himself figures as a moving picture actor, and the superb estate of John Hays Hammond, at Gloucester, Mass.

Tea served on the lawn of the famous old Morris Mansion at Newport, for the photo-play series, "Our Mutual Girl"

Yet another reason for the use of private estates is that many of them suggest an air, such as no artificial scenery could ever suggest, of old-time beauty. For such pictures many old Southern homes have been used—estates which, in the course of time, and, in some cases, the decline of the owner's fortune, have been allowed to deteriorate and stand now as picturesque relics of ante-bellum days. There are few Civil War photo-plays in which one or more of these

manor-houses of the old Southern aristocracy have not appeared.

There are, of course, many modern and extremely up-to-date estates which, because of their unusual styles of architecture or landscape, also suggest days gone by. A notable example of these is Mrs. Spencer Trask's estate at Saratoga, N. Y., on which the Famous Players Company recently took some scenes purporting to be in the Gardens of Nero for "The Sign of the Cross."

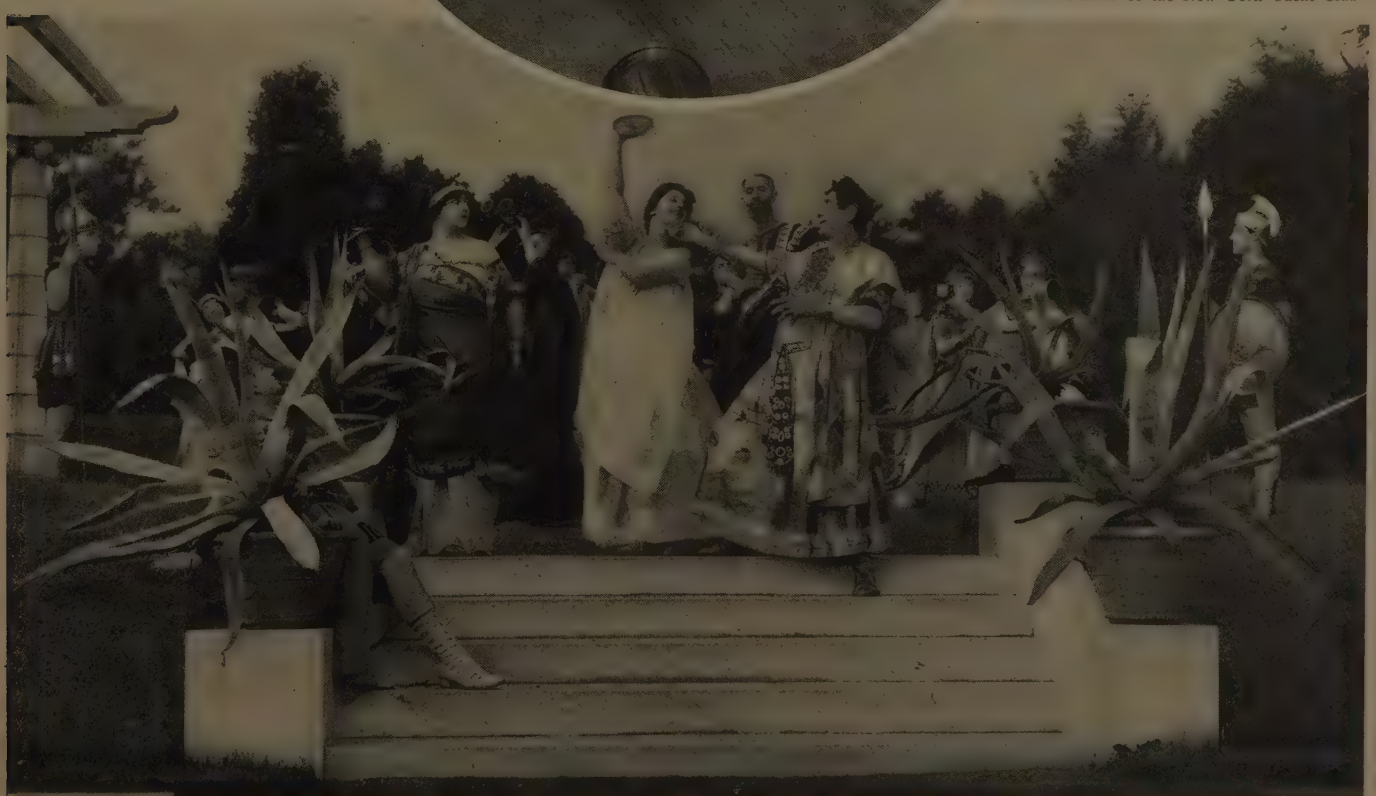
It is not only homes on land which come within the range of the camera's eye; film makers also have frequent recourse to the floating palaces of American millionaires. Indeed, if anything, wealthy yacht owners appear to be even more eager to have their craft motion-photographed than their homes. All kinds of strange happenings have occurred on board yachts belonging to well-known members of the New York Yacht Club—fire, smuggling, murder—but only for screen purposes. A yacht owner whose boat is used for motion pictures almost invariably asks for a copy of the resulting film from the manufacturer. This is also true, occasionally, of millionaires who lend their homes. Generally, in such cases, the owner has a cinematograph theatre on his estate, and desires to exhibit the picture to his friends.

The beautiful homes of the Pacific Coast are also frequently seen on the screen. Several such millionaire homes in Menlo Park, near San Francisco, were used by the California Motion Picture Corporation in their recent release of "Mignon." No fewer than four famous estates formed the setting in this one film play—those of Mrs. Theodore F. Payne, Arthur W. Foster, Eugene De Sabla, Jr., and Henry E. Bothin. Santa Barbara also has its large quota of splendid estates, and

(*Continued on page* 208)

Andrew Carnegie's Fifth Avenue mansion, with the laird serving as a film actor. The famous iron master is seen here with Norma Phillips in "Our Mutual Girl"

Members of the Famous Players Company acting a scene for the photo-play, "The Spitfire," on board the palatial yacht of a prominent member of the New York Yacht Club



The severe classic beauty of Mrs. Spencer Trask's large estate at Saratoga, N. Y., gives veri-similitude to this scene in "The Sign of the Cross," which represents an orgy in the Gardens of Nero

White

Sincerely
William Faversham

© Mishkin
Margarete Ober in "Aida"

© Mishkin
Giovanni Martinelli in "Tosca"

AT THE OPERA

LOOKING backward at the month of opera at the Metropolitan, several features stand prominently forth, like high lights in a picture, and they may be summarized as—the leaving of Caruso for Monte Carlo; the coming of Melanie Kurt, the new Austrian dramatic soprano; the revival of Verdi's "Il Trovatore"; the season's advent of Riccardo Martin, and the death of Rudolf Berger. All these items, interwoven with the repetition of familiar operas, have served to lend unusual interest to the four weeks which have spend musically by.

From the viewpoint of artistic interest, this catalogue of events is headed by the revival of "Il Trovatore" on February 20th. Verdi's opera has three-score and more years to its credit. Its melodies have been hashed by barrel organs for generations; its performances in opera houses have been chiefly designed to give artists opportunity for the display of some high notes or for the delivery of some elemental, crude dramatic passions, which they usually succeeded in tearing to tatters. For several seasons it has been known that Toscanini was eager to "restudy" "Il Trovatore," and that Gatti-Casazza was willing to equip it with new scenery. Even those who recalled the miracle Toscanini had performed with "Un Ballo in Maschera" several seasons ago, shook their critical heads ominously at his ability to work any changes with the music of "Il Trovatore." The latter was so familiar, its melodies so "square toed," that not even a wizard could inspire them with new life, they argued. But Toscanini, as usual, proved even the wisest of critical wise men to be wrong. He actually did perform a miracle with "Il Trovatore," but his formula was so simple, his means so artistically legitimate, that, when it was all over, the chief source of amazement among the listeners was why some one had not done it that way long ago. The basis upon which Toscanini proceeded was simply that this was an opera, that it had a dramatic libretto for its basis, and that while there are a great many ways of murdering these familiar airs, there is only one way to sing them artistically right, and that is not to let each aria stalk abroad as a concert solo, but to draw it all together into a musical and dramatic entity. That seems simple and logical enough, does it not? And it also sounded so. Each aria and each ensemble number was given its full value—but always minus the tremendous abuses of bad taste into which their delivery has fallen (such as endlessly sustained high notes and tawdry, sentimentalized dragging of tempi). But between these set numbers the music that has been so ruthlessly slurred—such as recitatives or unimportant connecting links—was given dramatic value and needed prominence under Toscanini's baton, with the result that the whole work hung together; its story suddenly assumed dramatic interest; its well-known music became something more than tunes to make a holiday for an Italian grocer's whistling delivery boy.

© Mishkin
Lucrezia Bori in "L'Amore Dei Tre Re"

© Mishkin
Pasquale Amato in "Il Trovatore"

If ever Toscanini has proven his greatness as a sound musician, it was in this revival. He did not attempt to do things "differently," but he simply strove to do them right. The cast of the singers was the best available. Destinn, while not beginning in the very bloom of her best voice, soon recovered her vocal equilibrium and sang her music admirably. Ober, as Azucena, was dramatically superb; Martinelli, as Manrico, first sang sharp, but soon redeemed himself; and Amato did the best singing of the year in the rôle of Comte di Luna, while Rothier surprised his audience by his excellent singing of the music of Ferrando. The new scenery was very effective, the orchestra played well and the chorus distinguished itself.

The latest and one of the greatest additions to the Metropolitan roster of artists is Melanie Kurt, an Austrian by birth, but who for years has sung at the Berlin Royal Opera House. Her artistic life was begun as pianist, a prize winner in Leschetizky's class; then she took up voice study under Lilli Lehmann, and has, since her joining the forces of the Berlin Opera, won repute as a Wagnerian dramatic soprano. Her career as a pianist accounts for one of her great artistic assets, namely, her musicianship. She needs the cues of neither conductor nor prompter when she is on the stage, and this leaves her free to give fullest dramatic expression to the character in hand.

A majestic figure on the stage, Mme. Kurt made her American début as Isolde in Wagner's immortal, throbbing music drama. She won immediate success with the (*Continued on page 208*)

Mishkin JOSEF HOFMANN
(Pianist)

Gessford FRITZ KREISLER
(Violinist)

TINA LERNER
(Pianist)

Mishkin ERNEST SCHELLING
(Pianist)

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY
(Pianist)

What European Conditions Have Done for Music in America

GERMAINE SCHNITZER
(Pianist)

Champeau
KATHARINE GOODSON
(Pianist)

IT did not take a wiseacre to predict that when the carnage of war began, Europe would disgorge its numerous artists, sending most of them to this country. This has happened, so that while now there is some isolated one or another of the world's great music-makers still in Europe—some being interned—the number of foreign artists in this country is legion. Never, in times of peace, has the aggregation been so large, with the result that the concert season in this country has been one of extraordinary interest.

Almost every nationality is represented in the present assemblage: Russia, Poland, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, Norway, England, Australia, Italy, Roumania, Ireland and America. And to this list there will probably be an important addition soon, for it is rumored that Ignace Paderewski is en route for this country's concert halls.

Copyright Mishkin
EFREM ZIMBALIST
(Violinist)

Mishkin
MISCHA ELMAN
(Violinist)

Pianists, violinists, 'cellists and singers, all of note, go to make up this enormous, floating, artistic colony, and the accompanying frame of pictures serves as an illustrated index, a sort of a "Foreign Artistic Who's Who in America."

FERRUCCIO BUSONI
(Pianist)

MARK HAMBOURG
(Pianist)

Then, in addition to these there are some members of the present artistic colony who are here actually on a vacation, are really becoming acquainted with this race of people, a people whom they have heretofore known only from across the footlights. At the head of these vacationists is Mischa Elman, great Russian violinist, who spends much of his time in listening to other artists giving recitals.

Then there is also Marcella Sembrich, famous Polish Lieder singer, who has given very few recitals this season and has sung seldom save for the benefit of Poland's sufferers.

An unusually interesting departure from the conventional order of concert-giving has been a series of "Master Concerts," which Walter Damrosch has offered at Carnegie and Aeolian Halls, in which the programs have respectively been devoted to a single composer—for instance—to Rubinstein when Josef Hofmann played the D minor and the G major concertos by this composer in a faultless manner, played them as though it were to him a labor of love, while Walter Damrosch conducted the New York Symphony Society in orchestral numbers by this composer. So, too, Damrosch gave Brahms and Beethoven master concerts, the whole artistic scheme commending itself for dignity and excellence.

Harold Bauer, poetic pianist, has not only given recitals and has played as soloist with symphony orchestras, but he has also dared to give a series of ensemble concerts with Pablo Casals, the ensemble playing of this pianist and 'cellist being one of the features of the present musical season.

In addition to the regular concert artists, such as Alma Gluck, Elena Gerhardt, John McCormack, Percy Grainger, Rudolph Ganz, etc., several others came to swell the ranks. Oscar Seagle, the American baritone, scored a marked hit at Carnegie Hall. Emma Calvé has appeared in vaudeville, and Isadora Duncan, the interpretive barefoot dancer, another artistic refugee from the war zone, was seen at the Metropolitan.

Surely no one fond of music can complain of lack of greatness in the offerings of the concert room this year. The presence of all these great masters of music this winter is a boon, for it offsets in a measure, at least, the haunting horrors of the war. So hail to them, for they have brought with them the greatest art the world of music affords.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH
(Pianist)

PABLO CASALS
(Cellist)

ARRIGO SERATO
(Violinist)

Melanie Kurt—A Study

WHEN Madame Melanie Kurt, as Isolde, came before the footlights of the Metropolitan Opera House on February 1, 1915, she faced an ordeal such as few artists would care to encounter, and still fewer come through successfully. She was confronting an audience the most critical, perhaps one might say *blasé,* in the world—critical by nature and training, *blasé* from the very embarrassment of vocal riches showered on them every season, and made up of such heterogeneous elements that it would be almost impossible to please all. For, while in Berlin, she had sung to German audiences with a sprinkling of studious foreigners, Americans and others; in New York she was to sing to French, Germans, Italians, Russians, and Swedes, as well as to the more easy-going but much less impressionable Americans.

Also, Madame Kurt was not creating a rôle about whose first interpretation there might be varying opinions. She was matching her work against the past achievements of such notable artists as Ternina, Lilli Lehmann, her teacher, Nordica, Gadski, and the unforgettable Fremstad. Small wonder if her nervousness had been overpowering under such circumstances.

But Melanie Kurt has been gifted by Nature with three priceless things—a marvellous soprano voice, personal beauty, and a temperament that she holds well under control. All three stood her in good stead that night. She is not placid—there are big emotional depths under her calm—but her quietude is that of strength. On the stage and off it she holds herself in. What she may do for us when, more accustomed to her surroundings, she gives free rein to her splendid powers, we do not know. All we now know is that she need not fear comparison with her great predecessors in New York.

Henri Scott, the basso, said enthusiastically to the present writer, just before she came on as Brünnhilde: "Listen for her legato! It's wonderful!" And it was. Madame Kurt's voice is, roughly described, a great, pure, perfectly handled dramatic soprano. Her high notes are taken with complete ease—there is neither "reaching" nor screeching to be heard. Big, beautiful, flexible, full, they ring out apparently without effort. In the last act of "Die Walküre" she was singing as easily as when she first joyously flung out the *"Ho-yo-to-ho."* Joyousness of youth and beauty characterized her Brünnhilde. Indeed, throughout, hers is a fine drawing of the demi-goddess. A certain radiance, a joyous charm, clings to her always—even when, saddened, frightened, anxious, she protects the unhappy Sieglinde. It is with that radiancy, scarcely dimmed, only deepened, that she goes to meet her doom of fire-guarded love.

Her Isolde bore comparison well with her predecessors. Regal and lovely in her presence, intelligent in her acting, singing with lovely quality, with perfect diction, it was a performance that will long linger in the memories of operagoers.

Copyright Mishkin

MELANIE KURT AS BRUNNHILDE

Berlin dramatic soprano, and one of the foremost Wagnerian interpreters in Germany, who recently made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House, disclosing, says one critic, "qualifications sufficient to establish herself as an artist of high and in some respects the highest rank"

But it was her Kundry for which everyone waited impatiently. Wagner has laid a fearful task on the would-be portrayer of that rôle. Madame Kurt rose to it splendidly. Sinister, demoniac, sullen, alternating impassivity with vicious impulse, she held the audience from the first moment. Her "fearful cry" on Klingsor's summons was blood-curdling—so also her devilish laughter when she disappeared to do his bidding. Transformed into the enchantress, she was exquisite. The "Parsifal!" which she uttered on her first appearance was wonderful in its moving tenderness, its luscious beauty. The scene of the kiss was handled with a certain realism. Madame Kurt has evidently her own views as to the presentation of this episode, but there seemed no reason why anyone's susceptibilities should be affected thereby. As Kundry's passion deepened with repulse, Mme. Kurt's acting increased in its intensity, until she showed us the power of a great tragic actress in her uttering of the phrase: "He looked at me—and *I laughed!*" In the footwashing scene, Kundry's new dignity of subservience is made evident. She has seen her vision—henceforward the physical for her exists no longer.

Madame Kurt's costuming of Kundry—in shaded pinks with a bediamonded mass of black hair drawn away from the beautiful oval of her face—was original and most effective.

When one meets Madame Kurt, one gains the same impression of her personality that one draws from her artistic achievements, one of restrained strength, of simplicity, of great modesty. She has no nervous irritability, makes no prima donna pose, effects no ready-made graciousness.

She is a very beautiful woman. Great, soft, dark eyes smile at you out of an oval face, with a crown of dark hair. Her supple and graceful figure still has the lines of youth, for she is young

to sing the great Wagner rôles. Her command of English is quite sufficient for ordinary purposes, but she loves best to speak her native German, which she does without any trace of Viennese dialect. She explained this by saying that while she was born in Vienna, all her education, musical and other, which began very early, thanks to her father, took place in Germany, and in that country were all her best engagements. Her first appearance was in Lubeck—the wonderful old "free city" of the Hanseatic League. Afterwards she sung in Leipsic, then in Brunswick, and finally was engaged for the Berlin Royal Opera. For two years she sang at the Charlottenburg Opernhaus—and seven times she has sung her favorite part, Kundry, at the Covent Garden Opera in London, with great success. England evidently made a pleasing impression on her.

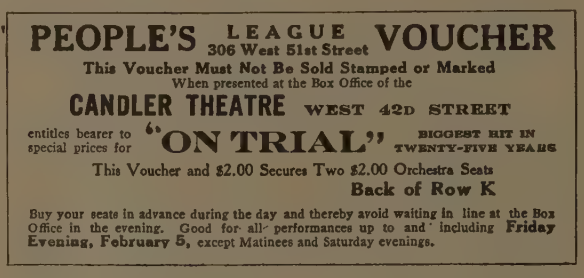
Lilli and Marie Lehmann were her teachers, and to them she owes her wonderful technical training, her absolute command over her vocal resources, and her love for *bel canto*. "It isn't necessary, you know," she said, "to scream Wagner. Of course, there are terrible cries for Kundry—I feel that one in the second act to my shoe-soles—but the rest of the music one may sing in spite of its dramatic demands. I am glad to think so and to have proved it to myself, for I do not love the light lyric rôles. I am not made for them. Drama is my forte. So best I love Brünnhilde and Kundry." Her great eyes glowed as she said it

I told her that a prominent critic had spoken of her as not even once looking at the conductor or prompter all through the long Isolde performance. "Oh, that is nothing!" she said earnestly, putting down her teacup to emphasize her words. "If one loves music, one does all those things naturally. Of course, one works hard, but one must do that to succeed anywhere. And I love music with every bit of me. I like orchestral music, for instance, but I cannot bear it unless it is of the very finest. My father was exceedingly musical—all of his family were and always have been passionately fond of it—still there were no artists ever in our family. I inherited my voice from my mother. Her organ was a beautiful one, but strangely enough, not cultivated. So you see, mamma gave me the voice and papa the education!"

CLARE P. PEELER.

Theatre Tickets at Cut Rates

LIKE leaves falling from a tree in an October breeze, slips of paper bearing the words, "People's League, 306 West Fifty-first Street," have been scattered through the highways and byways of New York since last autumn. Clerks in office buildings, shopgirls, members of associations, students in schools, guests at hotels, have profited, or not, as they saw fit, by the shower of coupons carrying the imprint of "the People's League," and below it the name of a theatre, followed by this inviting offer: "This voucher and fifty cents secures two fifty-cent seats in the second balcony." Or, perhaps, the ticket reads, "Two $1.50 balcony seats for $1.50—two $2 orchestra at $2," for the form varies, as does the color of the slips. Here, as one sees at a glance, is an organization able to provide entertainment at just half the customary price. Plainly, it is the part of economy to enroll as a permanent member of the League.


PEOPLE'S LEAGUE VOUCHER
306 West 51st Street
This Voucher Must Not Be Sold Stamped or Marked
When presented at the Box Office of the
CANDLER THEATRE WEST 42D STREET
entitles bearer to special prices for "ON TRIAL" BIGGEST HIT IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
This Voucher and $2.00 Secures Two $2.00 Orchestra Seats
Back of Row K
Buy your seats in advance during the day and thereby avoid waiting in line at the Box Office in the evening. Good for all performances up to and including Friday Evening, February 5, except Matinees and Saturday evenings.

Fac-simile of special reduced rate ticket for metropolitan attractions distributed broadcast by the "People's League"

The address, 306 West Fifty-first Street, leads to an apartment house, not far from Eighth Avenue, where the elevator man will answer questions after this fashion:

"Are the headquarters of the People's League in this building?"

"There are no headquarters; but you may send a letter here."

"Where can I find the head of the League?"

"You will have to reach him by mail."

"What is his name?"

"E. W. Lewis; but he won't have time to see you. He is never here in the daytime."

"Possibly I can meet him at about six o'clock when he returns home to dinner?"

"You might try," and the conversation with the elevator man is closed until shortly after six, when he explains that Mr. Lewis cannot be reached that evening.

The next morning, after much urging, the elevator man suggests calling Mr. Lewis at Bryant ———.

Now Mr. Lewis is at the other end of the wire.

"No," he says, "publicity is not in accord with the policy of the People's League. It is a benevolent organization, and we do not care to publish an account of its work."

"But surely," we answer, "no harm can be done by including the League in a list of societies interested in the stage."

"You will have to talk to some of the other members," responds Mr. Lewis; "there are hundreds of them."

"All right, if you will give me a few names."

"I don't care to do that. You might call on some of the managers with whom we have done business." The click of a telephone receiver dropped on the hook closes with a question mark the first chapter of a story of Mr. Lewis's benevolent organization.

Chapter two opens with a letter sent to 306 West Fifty-first Street. It reads: "I have a slip headed People's League, offering cheap tickets for ———. What must I do to join the League in order to get tickets regularly? Who are the officers and where can I meet them?" "While awaiting a reply to the letter, other efforts were made to trace the slips of colored paper to their source. The responses of theatrical men who are, or have been, connected with the plan, suggested one of Nash's famous cartoons published in the old *Harper's Weekly*. It represents each man in a circle pointing to his right-hand neighbor. At all events, the pointing fingers, indefinite as they were, indicated that the League serves a useful purpose, benevolent if you will.

Two days later a bulky envelope, stamped "E. W. Lewis, Distributor of People's League Vouchers," brought a batch of coupons, some promising balcony and gallery seats at half the box office price, a few including orchestra chairs in the offer. Approximately one-fourth of the legitimate attractions running in New York on February 1st were represented. They were: "Under Cover," "The Lie," Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertoire, "Sinners," "The Show Shop," "Twin Beds," "On Trial," and "Kick In," quite enough to corroborate the notion that Mr. Lewis has a place in the scheme of things theatrical. A blank sheet of paper was folded around the vouchers, and the questions, "What must I do to join the League, who are the officers, and where can I meet them?" went unanswered. Chapter two, then, has an inconclusive ending, although it marks an advance by the process of elimination. Obviously, the League is not an organization in the common meaning of the word. It is not listed in the city directory or the telephone book; it has no accessible officers or headquarters; seemingly it has no bona fide membership, nor is one desired apparently. Having discovered what the League is not, the function of chapter three is to determine what it is.

Turn to the pages of theatrical records a few years ago and read the history of cause and effect. As far back as the season of 1907-1908 managers looked

(*Continued on page 205*)

"Inside the Lines" A Stirring Play of the Present War

Photos White

American tourists stranded with their baggage

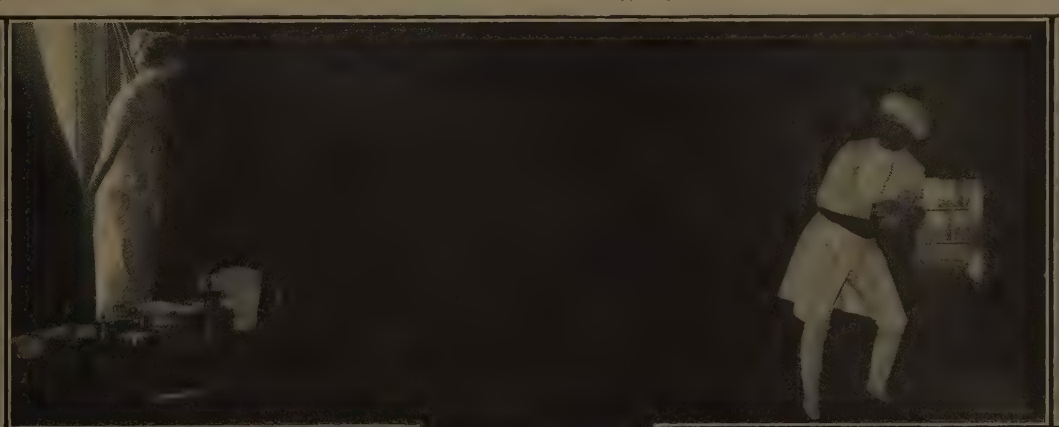
The scene is Gibraltar at the opening of hostilities. We see the lobby of a hotel in which marooned tourists bewail their inability to get back to America. The manager of the hotel, a German, is a spy in the pay of the Wilhelmstrasse. Word is brought to him that another German agent is on his way to Gibraltar, disguised as a British officer named Woodhouse. The object of the Germans is to gain access to the secret chamber in the Rock connecting with a mine in the Straits. By the touching of a key they can blow up the British fleet. Capt. Woodhouse is welcomed by the unsuspecting General in command. He also chances to meet a young

The General (Henry Stephenson) is warned

The Indian (Macey Harlam) puts Woodhouse (Lewis S. Stone) to the test

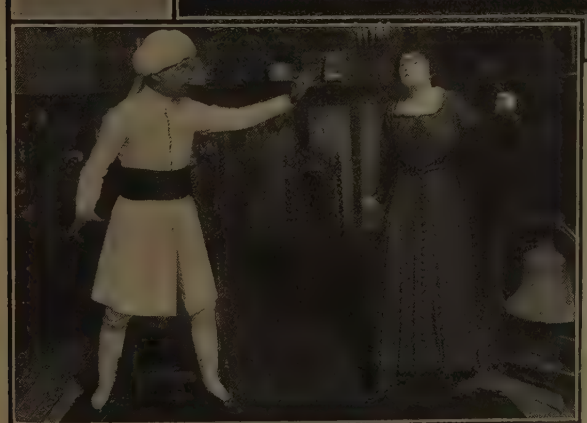
The Indian uses the secret plan to light the General's cigar

American girl, Jane Gerson, to whom he has already paid attention in Berlin. She does not understand what he is doing in a British fortress but asks no questions. The General is warned by an English ne'er-do-well that the supposed Woodhouse is really a German spy. The General refuses to believe it, but his suspicions are aroused, and he orders his own Indian servant to search the newcomer's rooms. The Indian, really a native prince nursing a grievance against the British, discloses



Jane (Carroll McComas) finds the Indian at work on the safe

himself to Woodhouse. He knows the combination of the safe where is kept the plan giving the exact location of the secret mine. The British fleet, now lying outside, can be destroyed at sunrise. Woodhouse enters readily into these plans. Night comes. The General is asleep. Jane comes out of her bedroom to enjoy the moonlight playing on the ocean. Returning into the room she finds the Indian at work on the safe. She gives the alarm and the General rushes in. The Indian covers him with a revolver. Suddenly there are two knocks at the door. It is the signal



Jane gives the alarm

The Indian thinks he has the General in his power

from Woodhouse to his fellow spy. The Indian opens and the next instant is himself a prisoner on the floor. Woodhouse is not a German spy after all, but an English officer of the Secret Service sent to the Rock to trap the spies known to be already there. That Jane weds the resourceful Englishman goes without saying.

A Woman Who Picks Successful Plays

Photo White

Miss Helen Tyler, new producer, who made her first lucky hit with "Within the Law" and more recently scored a success with "Polygamy." She is the new lessee of the Park Theatre

THERE has suddenly come into the New York theatre industry a woman play producer with an astonishing record for successes. She is Helen Tyler, silent partner of Selwyn & Company, and one of the best-known stock play brokers in the United States. Recently she resigned from the American Play Company to look after the various theatrical properties she has accumulated within the last four years. The most important of these properties just now is "Polygamy," the play that has set all New York by the ears, and is now on for an all-season run at the Park Theatre.

"Polygamy" is responsible for Miss Tyler's sudden and conspicuous advent into the producing ranks, after several seasons of hiding behind such names as The Play Producing Company, The Modern Play Company, etc. "Polygamy" was less than a week in New York when it ran up against such incredible difficulties and hostilities that a less intrepid producer would have promptly surrendered to the enemy and allowed the play to go to the storehouse. But Miss Tyler's fighting blood was up, and her commercial sense saw a valuable property in the new O'Higgins-Ford drama. So when the door of one playhouse was shut on the piece, she leased the only available theatre in which to continue the run, took command of the situation and the play became one of the successes of the year.

Miss Tyler's record for recognizing successes and standing by her judgment began with Bayard Veiller's play "Within the Law." After it was tried out in Chicago by William A. Brady and declared a failure, she persuaded Messrs. Selwyn & Company to produce it, and was so fortunate as to secure a large share of the stock for herself. The enormous profits of "Within the Law" (which has had nine American companies playing in the United States at one time, and has been translated into several languages and played throughout Europe), are a matter of dramatic history. "Within the Law" has made more money for its stockholders than any play that has been produced in this country in the last twenty-five years. "Under Cover," the Roi Cooper Megrue play which ran a year in Boston, and is now in its second year in New York, was another success picked up by Miss Tyler and produced by her firm. When "The Dummy" had gone the rounds of the producers in vain, Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, the authors, brought their detective comedy to Miss Tyler. She organized a stock company of five people (two of whom lost courage early in the game and left her with their share of stock on her hands), and produced "The Dummy." Its success was instantaneous, and New York laughed over it from one season into the next and through an all-summer run, and then it went on to Chicago, where its New York success has been duplicated.

The new drama by Mr. O'Higgins and Miss Ford, "Polygamy," also went the rounds of the leading producers, and it was frankly prophesied that to produce the play was to invite disaster through the enmities it would arouse. But Miss Tyler saw in it a play of universal appeal, because it dealt in new and startling fashion with the sanctity of marriage, and she produced the drama with a cast of remarkable strength. There was no question as to the sensation the play made from its opening night at the Playhouse, or as to the heart-grip of the drama, which has been crowding the Park Theatre for the past three months, with Chrystal Herne, Mary Shaw, William B. Mack, Howard Kyle, Lizzie Hudson Collier, Katherine Emmet, Stephen Wright and Ramsey Wallace heading the remarkably well-balanced cast.

Following the decided "hit" made by Mary Shaw in the rôle of Bathsheba, Mr. O'Higgins and Miss Ford found inspiration in her comedy gifts to write especially for her a one-act comedy, "Dickey Bird," with a new point-of-view on the American husband and an inimitable character part that gives Miss Shaw the comedy opportunity of her career. This playlet was produced

Apeda

HARVEY O'HIGGINS
Co-author of "Polygamy," etc

Genthe

HARRIET FORD
Co-author of "The Dummy," etc

Moffett

BAYARD VEILLER
Author of "Within the Law"

Sarony

KATHERINE EMMET
Appearing as Annis Grey in "Polygamy," at the Park Theatre

for the professional matinée of "Polygamy," and added to the program at the Park later, as a curtain-raiser.

The new lessee of the Park Theatre is a young woman with brains and energy who came to New York City less than a decade ago to earn her living as a stenographer. After some experience as confidential representative of Dodd, Mead & Company in the publishers' dealings with authors, she went to the playbroking office of Alice Kauser, and later joined the American Play Company as general manager. It was during this period that her real opportunity came. She was quick to recognize in manuscripts submitted qualities that escaped more experienced managers, with the result that she soon had several record-breaking successes to her credit. This naturally encouraged her to break into the producing field on her own account, and she secured the lease of the Park Theatre for a number of years.

Photo Arnold Genthe

MISS JANE COWL

Miss Cowl, who made her first great hit in New York in "The Gamblers" and was subsequently the star of "Within The Law," has gone to Los Angeles for a Spring season, under the management of Oliver Morosco at the Burbank Theatre chiefly for the purpose of securing a play in which she will star next season. Chief among these is "Montmartre," which it was planned to have Miss Cowl do early in the present season, but which was postponed after the outbreak of the war. During her Los Angeles engagement the actress will also appear in a new play which Margaret Mayo has written for her and in a play by the Hattons.

Sarony
MAUDE ADAMS
(in 1892)

Sarony OTIS SKINNER
(in 1882)

Copyright Falk
JULIA
MARLOWE
(in 1888)

Sarony
MINNIE MADDERN FISKE
(about 1883)

DAVID BELASCO
(about 1873)

WHEN THEY WERE TWENTY ONE

Sarony
E. H. SOTHERN
(about 1888)

Sarony
ANNIE RUSSELL
(about 1889)

Sarony MARIE WAINWRIGHT
(about 1880)

THEATREGOERS often envy stage favorites, and think fame has come easily and quickly to them. They do not realize what it has cost the players to attain success—years of patient working and waiting in comparative obscurity. It usually takes many weary years before their talents are recognized and rewarded. Yet it is astonishing how many were already well on the road to fame at the early age of twenty-one.

Patti made her reputation at the age of eighteen, and when she was twenty-one was already making a specialty of "farewell" tours. In 1904, at the age of sixty-three, she made her twelfth "farewell" to America at $5,000 a night, and many predicted it would prove her last adieu, but Adelina, now hale and sprightly at the respectable age of seventy-four, is threatening a positively "final" farewell to the land of dollars next fall.

At twenty-one, Maude Adams had emerged from lurid melodrama to become leading lady for E. H. Sothern in "The Highest Bidder," later making a hit in Charles Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" at the old Bijou Theatre. Miss Adams was then engaged by Charles Frohman to create the rôle of Evangeline Bender in "All the Comforts of Home," and has remained under his management ever since.

When Minnie Maddern (Mrs. Fiske) attained the age of twenty-one, her career was full of achievement. Few actresses can boast of a wider experience than was hers at that age. The daughter of Tom Davey, an old-time manager of a type of which there is no survivor to-day, she was already a star with a following so large that managers exploited her as "America's favorite comedienne," her greatest successes at this period being "In Spite of All" and "Caprice." In 1890 she left the stage for five years, returning in 1895 as "Mrs. Fiske," when from playing soubrette rôles, she suddenly took rank as America's foremost feminine interpreter of Ibsen.

Annie Russell made her first stage success with a juvenile "Pinafore" company. At twenty-one she became a star as a result of her great triumph in "Esmeralda" at the Madison Square Theatre. For four years Miss Russell remained at that playhouse, creating a number of rôles, the portrayal of which forms a vital part of American stage history.

E. H. Sothern was twenty-one when he appeared with the late Helen Dauvray, and he did so well that Daniel Frohman decided he was of stellar timber, and featured him in "The Highest Bidder." The young actor drew capacity audiences to the old Lyceum from the very outset. For over ten seasons he came to that playhouse, each year with a new play. Later he became a star on his own account.

Although Julia Marlowe's right name is "Frost," her early career provided little opportunity for the critical punsters to indulge their favorite pastime at her expense. She first attracted attention as Ralph Rackstraw in a juvenile "Pinafore" company, and did so well that a number of distinguished persons became interested in her career. She was always a devoted student of Shakespeare, and became a legitimate star long before she was twenty-one. She was just that age when, as a result of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's support, she made her metropolitan début as Parthenia in "Ingomar" at Wallack's. Her first ventures in Shakespeare were unsuccessful, but by sheer pluck and perseverance she finally compelled public recognition and became one of the most successful stars in this country.

Starting as a call boy in a San Francisco playhouse, David Belasco had not, at the age of twenty-one, shown any of that genius for stagecraft which has since made him famous. It was only when he came to New York to act as stage director for the Mallory Brothers at the Madison Square Theatre in the early eighties that his opportunity came. While artistic director at the old Lyceum, he formed that literary partnership with Henry C.

de Mille which gave to the stage such popular plays as "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball." Then came his association with Charles Frohman, their separation, the building of the Belasco Theatre, and the long series of remarkable stage productions since identified with his name.

Marie Wainwright, who is now playing the Mother Superior in "Marie Odile," was only twenty-one when she achieved fame in a most unique manner. Marie was selected as one of the seven Juliets to appear in different scenes with the famous matinée idol of the seventies, George Rignold, whose Romeo donna to acrobat. He made his first "hit" in the rôle of Leblanc in E. E. Rice's "Evangeline." Then he "doubled up" with the late Stuart Robson at the old Park Theatre (Twenty-second Street and Broadway), the two scoring a sensational success in Leonard Grover's "Our Boarding House."

May Irwin at twenty-one was one of the two Irwin sisters, Flora and May, who were favorites at Tony Pastor's Theatre on East Fourteenth Street. The two were paid $125 a week, then a record price. One day the late Augustin Daly engaged May Irwin as a member of his stock company, and later she

White Clifton Crawford John C. Thomas Emma Trentini Ethel Houston Francis J. Boyle Letty Yorke

SCENE IN "THE PEASANT GIRL," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE 44TH STREET THEATRE

drew all New York to Booth's Theatre. Of the seven, mostly amateurs, Marie alone scored. Immediately managers bombarded her with offers. In a few years she became a star.

Otis Skinner was just twenty-one when he made his stage début in a play called "Woodleigh" at the Philadelphia Museum. Then followed four years with Lawrence Barrett, when the young actor attracted the attention of Augustin Daly. Several years' experience with the Daly Stock Company prepared the way for a prolonged stellar career.

John Drew and Brother Sidney, when they were twenty-one, were members of their mother's model stock company at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Sidney became a "star" before John, the two later being featured at the head of different organizations. In one season they played the same cities within a few weeks of each other. A prominent Southern manager was asked which of the Drews attracted the largest audiences in his city. "That's easy," replied the manager, "John Drew but Sidney didn't."

William H. Crane when twenty-one was apprenticed to the Holman Opera Company. He played everything from prima

became the most popular woman star in the country. When May went back to the field wherein she began her career, it was no longer the variety show of old, but modern vaudeville, which looked good to her at $2,500 a week.

Nat C. Goodwin was just twenty-one when New York hailed him as the greatest of American mimics. Nat was the highest paid performer of the variety show era when he became a star in "Hobbies." Elizabeth Weathersby, his first wife, was the first to insist that husband and wife on the stage should be advertised as such, and she was featured equally with him.

Charles Dillingham, at twenty-one, was the dramatic critic of the *Evening Sun*. Marc Klaw was holding a similar position on the *Louisville Commercial*, while his associate, A. L. Erlanger, was dispensing pasteboards in the box office of the Academy of Music in Cleveland.

Weber and Fields, on reaching their majority, were appearing in practically the same " Mike and Mayer" specialty for which they were recently offered $5,000 a week by the very same management they then worked for at forty per.

Sam Bernard at twenty-one had (*Continued on page 207*)

In English—More or Less

Foreign actresses who have come to this country, acquired our language, and made reputations on the American stage

ONE day last spring the present writer happened to be motoring with a well-known actress, and she asked if he would while away an hour somehow while she took her vocal lessons. I should like to have been hidden in her venerable teacher's studio to observe his method, for the "growly old dear," as she called him, has to his credit some of the loveliest voices on our stage. The most famous, probably, is Julia Marlowe's; but the majority of us do not remember the time when hers was not an almost perfect organ. On the other hand, it was not many years ago that all the charm and histrionic promise of Doris Keane and of Frances Starr seemed likely to go for nothing, because their voices were too light to carry.

I waited in the teacher's reception-room. A man came out from his lesson as my friend went in for hers; he was just leaving when a very attractive and vivacious young woman arrived and prepared to wait for her time. They recognized each other as acquaintances and sat down for a chat. I recognized them as celebrities and was interested.

He was a Baptist minister and she a Russian ballet dancer. Of course, there was nothing extraordinary in finding a clergyman whose voice was taxed developing its strength and durability by expert practice, even at a conservatoire devoted principally to actresses; but what had shot up Lydia Lopoukowa's interest from her toe-tips to her throat? Before the day was over I ascertained that, though the fact was generally unknown, she had already been studying for almost a year to make her début as a dramatic actress, recently accomplished in "Just Herself."

The incident recalled another spring day, several years before. I met a casual acquaintance on Fifth Avenue, an actress of intelligence and of flawless diction, though of very slight celebrity. In the course of casual chat, I asked her where she purposed passing the summer. "Right here in town, perhaps," she said. "A most interesting proposition has been made to me. Have you ever heard of a Russian actress named Nazimova?"

The question seems absurd now; but at that time the star was practically unknown in this country beyond the so-called Ghetto on the lowly lower East Side of New York City. She was too young to have made any wide fame in Russia when she cast her lot with the brilliant Paul Orleneff, whose socialistic tendencies made it wise for him to quit his native land. Something was heard over here of their appearance at a matinée in London, chiefly because Ellen Terry organized a benefit performance for them. A similar matinée on Broadway made them visually known to a few people intimately interested in the theatre. But for the rest, they had acted only in a small, remote hall on the East Side and in a Yiddish theatre on the Bowery. However, the Russian stranger's work in the subsidiary rôle of Regina Engstrand in "Ghosts" had interested me enough to send me once more venturing in the Ghetto to see her in the larger part of Zaza, and yet again to see her as Hilda Wangel in "The Master Builder," played in Russian and in shabby, make-shift dresses. It is sometimes hard to identify that almost ragged artist, struggling splendidly against every obstacle, with the opulent, exotic Bella Donna of to-day—the sincerity of her art has not gone forward with material success.

Photo Moffett

BERTHA KALICH
Russian actress who made her first New York success playing Yiddish rôles in the Bowery

My friend, the minor American actress, told me that Henry Miller had seen Nazimova and urged her to learn English. He would make a star of her within a year. As a preparation, he proposed that she spend four hours every forenoon throughout the summer reading with a woman whose English diction was correct.

"To read the rôles she is to act?" I asked.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply. "She won't try them until much later. Mr. Miller's idea is for her to read at random—history, novels, plays; but principally the daily papers. And I will correct her pronunciation. The idea is that her English speech should become easy, quick and fluent, and above all, correct; with thorough understanding to be left as secondary, to come naturally and with time."

Sarony
MARTHA HEDMAN
(Swedish)

White
MIZZI HAJOS
(Hungarian)

Sarony
MME. SIMONE
(French)

White
MLLE. DORZIAT
(French)

Photo Genthe

GILDA VARESI

Seen recently as Jane Hale in Alice Brown's play, "Children of Earth"

Since the making over into an American actress of Alla Nazimova, six equally or more distinguished foreigners have come over here to play in English. One has remained six years, another one night. Madame Oda—as Oda Neilson is popularly known in Denmark, because Neilson is such a common name there—made such an unfortunate start in an Ibsen play, with a poor and inadequately prepared company, and with other hindrances to her own good art, that she became disgusted and sailed for home after one night. Her record has been excelled only by Mimi Aguglia, the Italian, who attracted considerable notice last season in Oscar Wilde's "Salome." She played here, in Sicilian peasant plays, about six years ago, and made such a vivid impression on the critical that Charles Frohman offered her a contract if she would learn English. She made an effort, but after a year's study she gave up.

The bait is tempting. Since the earliest visits of Eleanora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt is the only actress who has made substantial profits acting in this country in a foreign tongue. And the list has included Gabrielle Réjane, Constant Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Madame Segond-Weber and Jane Hading, from France; Ermete Novelli and some lesser stars from Italy; and Nicholas Orloff, Paul Orleneff and Vyera Kommissarzhevska, from Russia. Some people assigned the financial failure of Madame Kommissarzhevska's season to a shyness of Americans to undertake to pronounce her name; a rather absurd argument, as anyone who could understand her language—and few who did not would have spent an evening at a play in Russian—would have had no difficulty with her patronymic. However, Lydia Lopoukowa, on going in for English-speaking dramas, is wisely following the example set many, many years ago by Helena Modjeska, who derived that name from Modrzejewska. Nazimova's sex was overlooked in the original billing of her in this country, the programs announcing her as Nazimoff; and Americans would have come nearer the correct pronunciation of the name of the famous actor who brought her over had it been printed Orleniev instead of Orleneff. For the dramatic stage, the dancer Lopoukowa has become Lopokova. This leaves the meaning—daughter of Lopok—precisely the same as in the Russian form; dispenses with the superfluous and confusing "u," and gives the "w" its equivalent English sound.

Germans greatly predominate among foreign players of repute at home who have come here as "guests" and have remained and learned our language. There have been a few Russians; but not one Frenchwoman, above the rank of Anna Held, has thought it worth while. Indeed, until Madame Simone—and this season Gabrielle Dorziat—paid us a visit, no Parisienne has ever deigned to learn to act in English. True, Madame Yorska and Lou Tellegen have each played rôles in English; but, though well known in Paris, and each at one time or another a member of Sarah Bernhardt's company, the actress is by birth a Russian and the actor a Belgian. For years James K. Hackett endeavored to induce Jane Hading to come back and act in English, and every effort has been made to prevail on Sarah Bernhardt. With Germans it is

different. New York, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and a few other cities have large enough Teutonic populations to support resident stock companies. Leo Ditrichstein, Mathilde Cottrelly, Elisabeth Ariaans, the late Ellen Berg (Mrs. Robert Edeson), Max Figman, Frank Reicher, and Gustav Von Seyffertitz, are only a few of the more prominent graduates from that school. Then there has been visiting stars who thought it worth while to stay. Not many of us remember Fanny Janauschek and Daniel E. Bandmann, except at the inglorious conclusion of their great careers; but some favorites of to-day who have become "Americans" are Bertha Kalich, Fritzi Scheff, Mizzi Hajos, Lina Abarbanell and Hedwig Reicher. And there was Marietta Olly, who was of a mind to stay.

"I learned English by throwing away a textbook," Marietta Olly explained, when I enquired about her mastery of the language in the year that intervened between her appearances in Bernstein's "Baccarat" in German and in English. "When Mr. Shubert saw me play the part in German, and offered me a tempting contract if I would remain in this country and study English, it looked difficult, but I decided to try."

"But the book you threw away?"

"Well, I engaged a teacher and we got textbooks and began. I remember we had a book that I suppose is like those that every little girl has when she goes to school. It began, 'The bird is on the bough.' I got no further than this and threw it away. Then I thought out my own method. I had played Ibsen and was thoroughly familiar with the Ibsen plays. So I bought a copy of 'Hedda Gabler' in English, and found it was a literal translation, line for line. I knew 'Hedda' perfectly, and then I read a line from the English translation I knew what the words meant. Then my teacher gave me the proper English pronunciation; and thus we labored on through the book, and eventually through others. We spent every hour of the day together at my home in Bensonhurst, Long Island, from early in the morning until late at night. Indeed, we were about eighteen hours each day at it. I progressed rapidly, for you have no idea how much easier this method is than to memorize from textbooks. I knew the meaning of each sentence and had only to learn the correct pronunciation."

Photo Genthe

PATRICIA COLLINGE
Now appearing with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Show Shop" at the Hudson

The question of whether a foreign actress playing in English thinks in English has come up anew because of Gabrielle Dorziat. She "created" the leading female rôle in "The Hawk" in Paris. On the first night here, with William Faversham and an English-speaking company, the purity of her English was commented on. She spoke more clearly than Simone or Kalich or Nazimova. Only Martha Hedman, among contemporary recruits from Europe, has less accent. That probably is due in part to the fact that of all foreigners, Scandinavians are most at home in English. Witness Warner Oland, Hilda Englund and Carlotta Nillson. But Miss Hedman spent a large part of her childhood in England, where her family still live. One of her sisters is Marguerite Leslie, now appearing here in "Outcast"; and Miss Leslie's accent is purely English. That Gabrielle Dorziat's English approaches most nearly Martha Hedman's is probably due to the fact that as a child she had an English

(*Continued on page* 201)

Photos White

THE COURT OF GOLDEN FAIRIES IN GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT WALLACK'S

Barker's New Shakespearean Spectacles

SOME persons insist that they derive greater pleasure from reading Shakespeare's plays than from seeing them acted. This is a narrow class, both in numbers and point of view. It is a self-satisfied minority, which places higher its own powers of association and illumination to those of distinguished commentators and protagonists of avowed learning. It is akin to that other limited group which declares it can imagine a more beautiful picture than that which any great artist has ever reduced to canvas. Happily for art's sake, the great mass of people is not of this kind. Posterity can enjoy the tangible, but even the wonders of the moving picture machine and the Victrola cannot hand down hazy imaginings. So it is that the acted drama has ever had its own place in the curriculum of human progress, and ever will be recognized as a true and living factor in civilization's insistent onward advance.

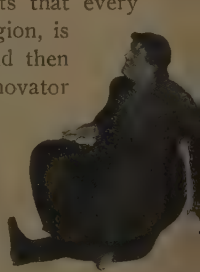
The value of Shakespeare's verse must be enhanced by outward expression. It was not for the closet he wrote; it was for the stage. Shakespeare was actor and manager as well as playwright. It was not for a limited reading public that he composed; it was that his ideas might reach all classes, the groundlings as well as the highbrows of his time, that he selected the stage as the medium of his expression. And acted, too, were those joyous comedies and immortal tragedies on the Elizabethan stage, according to the directions incorporated in the text. With the limited accommodations available at the time the effects must have been marvellously simple and ingeniously juvenile. History shows all that, and the beautiful models of the Globe and Swan theatres, now on view in the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University, prove how the players of those primitive days labored under conditions that the modern actor would find as inconvenient as they were intolerable. Yet Burbage and Betterton established traditions amid these surroundings that have come down the centuries. The stage of the Restoration period improved things slightly, while during the Siddons-Garrick régime was established a general arrangement that forms the basis of present-day conditions.

O. P. Heggie as Quince

Lillah McCarthy as Helena

Each generation has had its pioneer in stage production, and as up to fifty years ago Shakespeare was the principal dramatic diet, it was to his plays that the every benefit of ingenious application, poetical invention and illuminative investiture were brought to bear. How to adequately, fitly and successfully present them has been the problem that has confronted the stage succession from Burbage to Barker.

George Bernard Shaw insists that every pioneer, whether in art or religion, is first viewed with suspicion, and then stamped as immoral. The innovator is always up against it. Up to a certain point the conservative is ever in the majority. Then comes the radical reaction, and from the clash results an improvement. So it has been and



Lionel Braham as Snout

eorge Carr as Snug

so it will continue that theatrical experiments must result in a general betterment. The public may laugh at innovation, but it should not discourage it. Every improvement has been the outcome of tried and insistent experiment. If, therefore, one new venture in ten leads to a permanent improvement, all hail!

Granville Barker says: "A play is anything that can be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency." What are the best methods for such effect has been the ever-present problem. It may safely be set down that no one fixed set of principles will apply to every kind of production. A play needs its individual environment quite as much as any work of art. Each is best set off by a particular and appropriate setting. The said Barker at the present time is very much in the public eye. One man said the daily papers no longer interested him, "they contain nothing but war news and Barker." This is in many ways fortunate for the English visitor. Constant reading notices are doing him lots of good, and Wallack's, where his productions are in evidence, is enjoying an unusual following, both in quality and quantity. If he demonstrates that a theatre conducted on artistic principles can be made self-supporting, he is to have all the backing he wants for a permanent institution. How does his presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" measure up to that standard which satisfies the artistic conscience and at the same time brings joy and ducats to the box office?

Photos White

Titania (Isabel Jeans) and Oberon (Horace Braham)

From the severe surroundings of the Elizabethans there came a natural reaction. As time brought its mechanical perfections to stage use, stage productions took on a scenic and archæological elaboration which brought forth the familiar outcry that the text was being swamped by scenery and that paucity of histrionic capacity was being hidden up by adventitious and distracting accessories. Charles Kean had to meet all this criticism, yet Charles Kean by his true munificence established the fact that the drama as an art deserved all the aids which the sister arts might bring to its support. Beerbohm Tree has been similarly criticized, yet Sir Herbert by his prodigality has introduced to West End theatre-goers, in point of numbers, more Shakespearean plays than any of his predecessors. He has never failed to believe, and backed his belief in substantial fashion, that the Bard was worthy of the best. Who shall say that the text of "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest," or "Hamlet" was fogged, hidden or impaired by the visual beauties which Irving, Tree and Booth (The Winter Garden period) brought to the realization of those masterpieces? He is captious indeed who would cavil at such sympathetic, intelligent and revelatory presentations.

Arnold Lucy as Starveling

The "new note" to-day finds its expression in the drama as well as in the sister arts. New prophets are rising up on every hand to point the way to true artistic accomplishment. Some are absurd, some pompously grandiose, some anarchistic, some vaguely helpful. None probably would satisfy as a triumphant school, but from each might be gathered helpful suggestions that would tend to assist, elaborate and illumine a composition of superlative excellence. Gordon Craig writes voluminously, and certain groups hail him as the saviour of the stage. Yet a liberal reward might safely be offered to any stage manager who could make a practical production from his printed page. "Hamlet" has been produced in Moscow under his auspices. If it was such an epoch-marking innovation, why has it never been copied elsewhere? In this country, "Sumurun" is the only true example of the Reinhardt method. Marvellously beautiful and suggestive as it was, perfectly attuned to the spirit and locale of its story, it remains to be seen whether the Berlin impresario's formula in its scope and plan offers a comprehensive system for universal application. This query also applies to Granville Barker's methods, for as yet we have seen them used only in plays of fantastic character. Fantastic, anyway, applies to "Androcles and the Lion." Fantasy plays a big part in "Midsummer Night's Dream," but the comedy is something more than that in its deep human significance, its

Gerald Hamer as Flute

est Cossart s Bottom

Puck (Cecil Cameron) and Peasblossom (Audrey Ridgewell)

Mr. Barker is highly original, and, therefore, provokes comment, while his method of investing Shakespeare's idyllic fancy calls for careful analysis. It has been clearly demonstrated by Ben Greet and his numerous imitators that a hark back to pure Shakespearean traditions serves its purpose well where nothing better can be devised. Better a "Hamlet" and a "Twelfth Night" acted before a blank wall than neither of these inestimable treasures, but to say that the purity and poetry of the text is better secured, pictured and brought out in this severe style than by the use of adequate properties and scenery is to violate the truth. One must be a very serious and familiar student of the plays to follow them satisfactorily and intelligently under bare conditions imposed by Mr. Greet and his disciples. The pseudo-Shakespearean stage is a considerable advance over its predecessor, as witness the very beautiful and reverent treatment "A Winter's Tale" had at the New Theatre under the régime of Winthrop Ames. But if it is possible to go that far, why not progress still further and give actual reality by a due use of the recognized accessories of the playhouse?

TITANIA, OBERON AND THE GOLDEN FAIRIES IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT WALLACK'S

philosophic content, its gracious poetry and its ripe, rich humor.

As a novelty, as a bizarre creation admirably carried out according to an accepted thought, Mr. Barker's production is so original that it deserves the attention of all interested in the stage as an expression of art. As a proper setting and background for Shakespeare's fancy; as an actual interpretation of the poet's thought and intent much may be argued *pro* and *con*.

First in its favor is the integrity of the text. It is given in its entirety. But it values little that all be given, if that all be deprived of its rythmic romance that time may be saved. The text at times is rushed. The tempo is *vivace, multo vivace*, so much so that though the speech is impeccably true in its delivery, the thought by its very haste of expression becomes blurred and confused. This is particularly true of the quartet of lovers which by their fluency of diction and movement lose the dominant notes that particularize the different characters in their changing moods as influenced by Oberon's potions. They do not stand out as opposed to the "mechanicals." The contrast between the romantic and the low comedy interest is not sharply defined. The effort to seek a colloquial and natural plane is pushed to such a point that monotony is inevitable. The gilded fairies strike the fancy, but help little in illusion. So throughout the play a spirit of pleased gratification is aroused by the novelty of the treatment and the completeness of the attempt, but as a help to a deeper and more intimate appreciation of the Shakespearean comedy it may unhesitatingly be declared to be unsuccessful. But it shows Mr. Barker to be a stage manager of fertile invention, applied resource and poetical fancy. It is delightful entertainment. It is not simple entertainment, but the complexity of the detail is worked out with such consummate skill, and formulated with such artistic precision that the eye is constantly pleased and the imagination stimulated. No one who sees it will be other than gratified by its mechanical perfection. Few will come from it feeling that the natural beauties of Shakespeare have been enhanced or brought more emphatically home.

It is rather in balance and personal suppression that the company shines, than in individual distinction. No one prominently stands out. Some will argue that this speaks for perfect balance; but Helena is a bigger breathing figure than Hippolyta, else would the Christ in Leonardo da Vinci's

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New Art Theatres in New York

SINCE the foundation, nearly thirty years ago, of the Théâtre-Libre in Paris, many efforts have been made, both here and elsewhere, to infuse the stage with new light and truth. One of the first attempts was seen when, in Berlin, a group of enthusiasts—inspired by the success of the Théâtre-Libre—created the Freie Buehne. On that occasion Hauptmann's "Vor Sonnenaufgang" ("Before Sunrise") was produced, and the greatest German poet of our day was revealed to his fellow countrymen. Another blow for the release of the contemporary stage from the shackles of conventionality was struck when M. Stanislawski organized the Art Theatre in Moscow.

The Théâtre de l'Œuvre in Paris, the Independent Theatre in London, The Theatre of Arts and Letters and the Criterion Independent Theatre in New York, like the Course of Modern Plays organized by Mr. Blair, were among the American consequences of the Théâtre-Libre experiment. In Ireland the establishment in turn of the New Century Theatre, the Irish Literary Theatre, and other ventures were traceable to the same source.

Of all these efforts, none was made for money. And few, if any, had much money to dispose of, either before or during their existence. The ambition of the founders of the theatres and organizations named was to improve, not only plays, but also acting.

At the time when M. Antoine set the example of reform, the Paris stage was the monopoly of a few brilliant dramatists like Sardou, the younger Dumas, Augier, Gondinet, and Labiche. The great actors of the day—even the greatest—were more or less conventional. The late M. Coquelin summed up their faults and virtues. In Berlin, Munich, London and Vienna, the situation was similar.

As for this country, it had hardly yet the suggestion of a national drama. It was merely a tributary of France, England and Germany. The Theatre of Arts and Letters failed inevitably, partly owing to internal discord, but chiefly because, aiming as it did to reveal native plays, it found few if any that were worth revealing. But the financial and artistic failure of that venture, and the abandonment for lack of public sympathy, of less talked-of efforts, did not prevent a group of New York millionaires, long after, from founding what was known as the New Theatre. And though, despite its millions, that failed also, there seems some hope of its revival before long.

The Neighborhood Playhouse at No. 466 Grand Street, New York City

Meanwhile, besides the enterprise of Mr. Granville Barker, which is entirely English, three other plans—all outgrowths of the Théâtre-Libre scheme—have been made public here. Two are distinctly local and American in character. The first, which has found much favor, is an attempt to create an artistic theatre, named the Neighborhood Playhouse, for East Siders. It aims especially to express the thoughts and ideals of "the neighborhood" which is largely Oriental and Semitic. This new playhouse, at 466 Grand Street, has been designed as an experimental theatre to carry on the work of the dramatic and festival groups of the Henry Street Settlement. For the past eight years the festival groups have presented seasonal festivals and pantomimes in the gymnasium, and for the last three years the Dramatic Club of the Henry Street Settlement, now to be called the Neighborhood Players, has presented at Clinton Hall such plays as "The Shepherd," by Olive Tilford Dargan, and "The Silver Box," by John Galsworthy. These productions reached a point where the development of the players, the interest of the audience, and the response of the neighborhood seemed to demand the erection of this playhouse. It hopes to be a community playhouse, where the traditions of the neighborhood can find artistic expression, where anyone with special gifts can contribute his talent, and where interesting productions of serious plays and comedies, as well as the lighter forms of entertainment, may be found. By the variety of its programs, the playhouse aims to appeal to a public of diverse tastes, interests and ages, and in this way to share in the life of the neighborhood. As an opening bill the management presented a new masque, or pageant play, called "Jephthah's Daughter," with incidental music, partly choral.

The second enterprise is the scheme for transferring a company of amateurs with their repertory, to be known as the Washington Square Players, to the Bandbox Theatre, which is the old Adolf Philipp Theatre at 205 East Fifty-seventh Street. They give performances every Friday

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Photo Matzene

MARGARET ILLINGTON
Starring in Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Lie," at the Harris Theatre

Recent Stage Hits

LET us hail with joy a comedy character —a Hebrew character at that—played as though he were a real human being with an intellect and human emotions! Max Rosenbaum, a theatrical manager in James Forbes' clever comedy, "The Show Shop," played by other than George Sidney, would perhaps be a cross between a vaudeville character and the popular low comedy conception of a manager. As it is, Mr. Sidney makes him so real that you sit back and smile at him indulgently and sympathetically. He is a character that lives. There are people just like "Rosie," and you know them. But then, George Sidney is an artist in the matter of interpreting Hebrew characters, for he has done just that practically all his life. It is he who is the originator of "Busy Izzy," who has been all over the United States for many years. Mr. Sidney was born on the East Side in New York City, "together with all of them," as he says—meaning Weber, Fields, Sam Bernard, and the others. He was educated in the public schools here, and made his first appearance on the stage in a Dutch act in vaudeville with Harry Von Tilzer, an act somewhat similar to that of Weber and Fields. Then he was with Ward and Vokes for three years in their farce comedies, after which he originated and produced the "Busy Izzy" series of musical comedy farces. He has been playing and producing them for the last twelve years. This is his first rôle since then. During his entire career he has been interpreting on the stage the Hebrew character, never with any offense, but rather with a deep, humorous understanding.

Apeda
George Sidney

A TYPICAL English beauty who is not"—this is one way of characterizing Elenor Henry, the pretty, auburn-haired girl who played the part of Madge Splint in the Cahill-Carle musical comedy, "Ninety in the Shade." Of course, she sings and dances and wears pretty frocks, and does all these things charmingly. All these things are done in all musical comedies. But Miss Henry has besides a delightful personality, which is evidenced in everything she does. She is Irish American, not English, and was born and brought up in Bath Beach, New York, and went to school in Flushing. She studied singing for a few years, but without the intention of singing on the stage. She also studied art at the School of Applied Design for Women, and at the same time began to cherish a secret longing for the career of an actress instead of an artist. She succeeded in securing the part of understudy to Lina Abarbanell in "The Love Cure," and then played in another musical comedy, "The Girl I Love," in Chicago After that she played the part of Annamirl in "The Spring Maid" on the road, and soon after was seen in "Louisiana Lou," in which she travelled out to the Pacific Coast. She took a part in "The Little Café," but did not open in it, and then played Liane in "Sweethearts" with Christie MacDonald. Last summer she played musical comedy stock at the Park Theatre in St. Louis, in such things as "The Chocolate Soldier," "Robin Hood," etc.

Strauss-Peyton
Elenor Henry

A CHARACTERIZATION that stands out with cameo-like clarity is Cecil Yapp's playing of Uncle Eph in "Children of Earth," the Winthrop Ames $10,000 prize play. Uncle Eph is an aged, half-witted villager—a character as old as the village he lives in. There are such characters. Nearly every little town has one. From the realistic way Mr. Yapp plays the rôle it is almost impossible to believe that he is not aged himself—yet a trip back stage discloses a very pleasant young man with a firm, vibrant voice and a hearty handshake. Mr. Yapp was born in Montreal, Canada, and was educated in St. Paul, Minnesota. His theatrical career began in England, where he played for five years, first with Sir Herbert Tree, then in "Lord Nelson" at the Haymarket, and later in the American production of "The Squaw Man," in which he played Shorty. He returned to America after that and joined the New Theatre company which had just been formed. While there he played in "The Little Minister," "Strife," the part of Snake in Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and the cat in "The Blue Bird." He was with the latter on the road, and then for two summers played stock in Buffalo. Last year he played the part that Frank Reicher created in "The Secret," that of Denis le Guern, and then came this. Mr. Yapp has always played character and light comedy parts.

Bangs
Cecil Yapp

White
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT GIRLS ON THE OVERHEAD GLASS WALK—A NOVEL FEATURE OF "ZIEGFELD'S MIDNIGHT FROLIC"

OUT on the big stage of the Metropolitan Opera House danced little Marjorie Bentley, in a home-made costume and with her long brown curls hanging down her back, at an Actors' Fund performance about two years ago. It was her first important appearance, and she did not know that the big producers who sat in the audience were delighted with her, until Manager R. H. Burnside came back to engage her for "The Lady of the Slipper," in which she succeeded the little Russian, Lydia Lopokova. Now Miss Bentley has a beautiful ballet number in the popular Montgomery and Stone musical comedy, "Chin-Chin." Her mother still makes her costumes and her hair still hangs down her back, but her charming, child-like grace is winning friends for her every day. Her piquant little nose and the slant of her soft, dark eyes leads many people to think that she is of French descent. She is pure American, however—more so than most Americans, for her grandfather was a full-blooded North American Indian, while on her mother's side she comes of Yankee stock. Miss Bentley herself was born and educated in New York, and studied for two years at the ballet school connected with the Metropolitan Opera House. It was while she was here that she was engaged for "The Lady of the Slipper." Last year she appeared in vaudeville.

White
Marjorie Bentley

SELDOM does one find on the stage so perfect an artist as Gilda Varesi, who portrays Jane Hale in Alice Brown's play of New England life, "Children of Earth," with all the grimness of the "Portugee" who married a New Englander. It is a character so real, so true, that the interpretation is a work of art. Miss Varesi has a couple of ancestors on whose reputations she could travel in ease should she choose to. Yet, in spite of the fact that her mother was a famous grand opera prima donna who is still teaching voice in Chicago, and her grandfather the baritone who inspired Verdi to write "Rigoletto" for him, she prefers to make her own name by good hard work. She is much more interested in Jane, said she, than in her grandfather. Miss Varesi was born in Milan, Italy,

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In English—More or Less

(*Continued from page 195*)

governess. She for one, according to her own testimony, "thinks in English." Yet in the excitement and anxiety of her first night on the New York stage, she became confused in a passionate scene, and for a moment only the French words would come to her.

It is something new for a foreign actress to act a part here she "created" in another language. From the days of Fanny Janauschek in Schiller's "Maria Stuart" and in Shakespeare, through the many years of Helena Modjeska in world classics, to the present of Nazimova in Ibsen, we have seen actresses repeat in our language performances they had given previously in some other. But it was something new, a year or so ago, when Madame Simone appeared here in "The Thief," in which she "created" the rôle of the thieving wife in Paris. Now Mr. Faversham has gone that innovation one better in the case of Mlle. Dorziat. Though Marie-Louise Voysin was Simone's "creation," Margaret Illington had introduced the part to us. But the Comtesse Marina was first revealed in New York, as in Paris, in the charming person of Mlle. Dorziat.

The French actress tells me that she "thinks in English," in spite of the slip on the first-night. Many years ago, when still a child, I put the question to Madame Modjeska. "Even after all the years I've acted in English," she said, "the language hampers me: no player can act spontaneously and fluently in a language not familiar from early childhood."

Years later, when I asked Hedwig Reicher how it was with her, she refused to allow that a foreign language, once thoroughly mastered, could cause an actress trouble. "I continue to think in German; but when I have been talking for some time in English—for half an hour, perhaps—my thoughts begin to come in English."

The question of acting in a language strange to one brings me, in a way, to this season's interesting revival of "Diplomacy." Charles Frohman's original plan for it was entirely unique. The characters in the drama are of as varied nationality as this morning's news—two Russian, two French, four English and one German, and the Marquise and her daughter of highly doubtful extraction. Madame Nazimova was under Mr. Frohman's management when he first decided to revive "Diplomacy," and his scheme was to cast her for the Russian Countess Zicka and surround her with an international cast, each rôle impersonated by a player from the land pretended. After all, however, he got no further than engaging the German, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, for the German Baron Stein. The other actors are American or English, excepting Giorgio Majeroni, an Italian, who plays Count Orloff, a Russian. Majeroni's parents, many years ago, used to tour in "Diplomacy," when Ethel Barrymore's father was the Count Orloff and John Drew, then a young man, acted Algie Fairfax. A tradition has it that Signora Majeroni never really knew a word of English. She learned the rôle of Countess Zicka as a parrot might. So when she mispronounced a word, or even made a sound that had no meaning whatsoever, she went right on, bland and unconscious.

VANDERHEYDEN FYLES.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

New Victor Records

The names of Caruso, Farrar, Gadski, Gluck, Homer, and Whitehill are usually associated in the public mind with grand opera. Their fame does rest largely upon their operatic achievements, but whenever any of these artists have made a concert tour it has added to their fame, and it is interesting to hear these singers in other than operatic arias. Such an opportunity is afforded by the new list of Victor Records for April which has just been issued, for all of these noted artists contribute to the month's entertainment.

Caruso presents another number from Verdi's wonderful "Requiem Mass," the splendid Ingemisco, and it is given in magnificent style, the great dramatic climax being rendered with splendid force and artistic power. Geraldine Farrar and Louise Homer are heard in an old-time Campana duet, "We'll Go and Seek," and the record is a remarkable one for beauty of tone and perfect blending of voices. A Handel classic, "Oh, Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" is rendered in a charming manner by Alma Gluck, a beautiful example of pure and perfect vocalism. Emilio de Gogorza presents a delightful rendition of an English ballad, "Mong the Green Irish Hills."

Advt.

A cozy corner, a table, easy-chairs for all—and

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NEW YORK

New Shakespearean Spectacles

(Continued from page 198)

painting divide interest and attention with Judas or Thomas. Yet "The Last Supper" is an acknowledged masterpiece. It was a striking figure that Lillah McCarthy presented as Helena if not a richly moving one of the woman who was distinctly human even though so poetically endowed. Eva Leonard-Boyne had moments of flashing feeling as Hermia, while Ian Maclaren was a passive Demetrius. Eric Blind read Theseus with a nice sense of the rhythmic vigor of the lines. As Lysander, Walter Creighton was distinctly effeminate, a spirit which also pervaded Horace Braham's rendering of Oberon. Why that immortal read his lines—admirably enunciated—with such a metallic monotony only Mr. Barker knows. The clowns were all in good if not brilliant hands. It was an alert Bottom that Ernest Cossart pictured, vivacious rather than unctuously droll. O. P. Heggie's Quince was a dry and neatly quaint rendering of the stage manager, who kept the weaver within bounds, while the other "mechanicals" were well depicted.

From the pictorial point of view Barker's production is agreeably panoramic, and Norman Wilkinson, who designed the *décors*, has, at least, devised a practical solution for the varied happenings which take place in and around Titania's bower. Whether one likes the silken hangings, substitutes for the green forest, there is a capital use of distance and approach which suitably fits into the changing action. The silken front scenes are purely decorative and in some cases are so complicated that the mind is distracted from the text in endeavoring to solve their significance. The final set, a Greek façade, with solid silver pillars in front of which "the mechanicals" perform is massive, almost too much so; but there is rare facility utilized in the color scheme for costumes. They are charmingly appropriate, but as to the much vaunted lighting system it is apparent that it produces effects often monotonous.

Wright Kramer made a dignified and impressive Philostrate, while to Puck Cecil Cameron brought a glib tongue and an appropriate spirit of mercurial mischievousness. For a fine splash of color his make-up was an exact replica of that affected by Slovenly Peter.

Founded on old English folk songs the music arranged by Cecil Sharp was unobtrusively harmonious and pleasing.

To sum up Barker's methods are brilliantly bizarre. Occasional simplicity is effected smoothly but at a supreme cost of time and labor. The production gives the idea that it was presented for the purpose of making audiences sit up and marvel. This it does but at the expense of the literary value of the drama.

American theatre-goers should be grateful for the advent of the progressive Barker. He is certain to stimulate an interest in the mechanics of the drama, but they can patriotically proclaim that their own Mr. Livingston Platt, by sheer simplicity, backed with fine artistic impulse, devised three Shakespearean settings which, for beauty of illumination, decorative as well as suggestively helpful, have seldom been equalled let alone surpassed on the local boards. Those who saw Margaret Anglin in "Twelfth Night," "Taming of the Shrew," and "As You Like It," will never forget the exquisite poetical realism of her stage surroundings. EDWARD FALES COWARD.

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Pablo Casals has joined the list of Columbia artists. His first recordings are: Handel's "Largo," Rubinstein's "Melody in F," Hopper's "Spanish Dance," and Saint-Säens "Swan."

The entire opera of "Aïda" has been recorded on double disc records at the popular price of 75 cents each. Seventeen records, making 34 selections cover the entire opera.

One of the most remarkable vocalizations in opera occurs in Flotow's "Martha." The singing of the "Drinking Song," by Henri Scott, contains a surprise for all those who have not heard this remarkable record.

Manolito Funes, the remarkable boy pianist, continues to surprise all hearers. His playing of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11," and the "Caprice Valse," Op. 1, by Castro, on Columbia records show him at his best.

"When Shadows Gather," and "Make New Friends But Keep the Old," two English ballads show Morgan Kingston's range to fine effect.

Madame De Cisneros has added to her repertory with the gipsy song from "Carmen," "Chanson, Bohême" and the well-known "O Mio Fernando" from "La Favorita." *Advt.*

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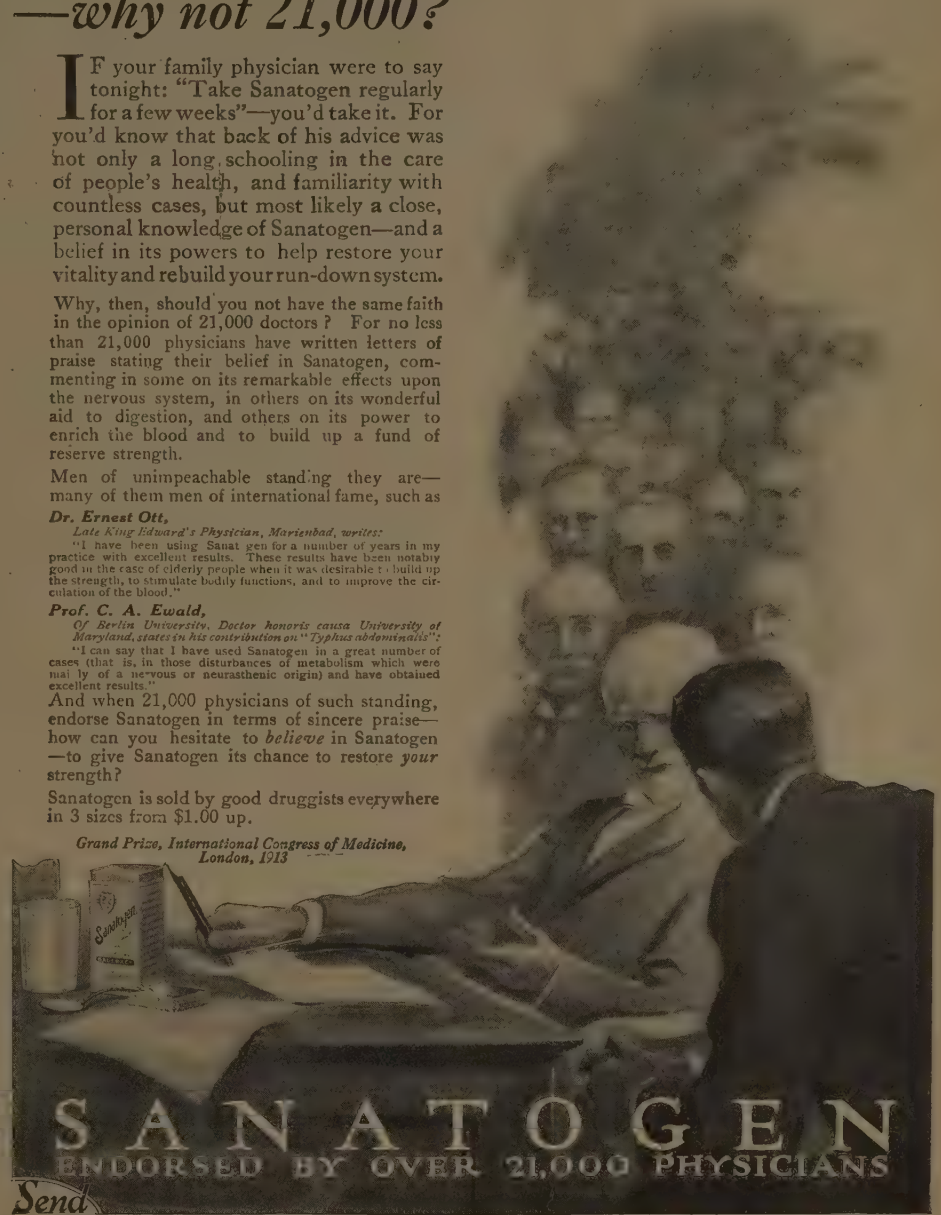

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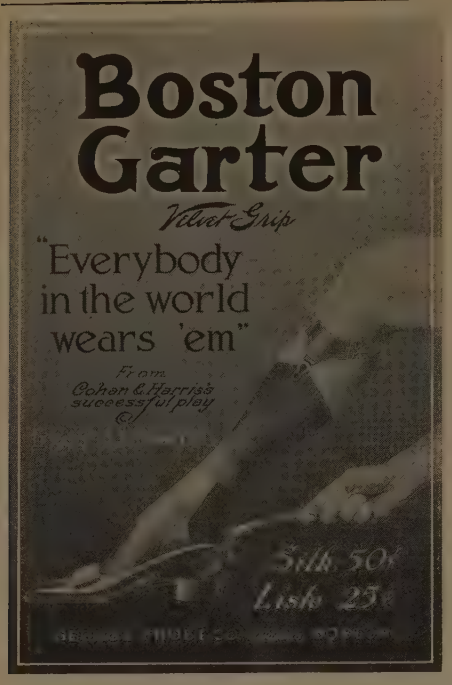

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New Art Theatres in New York

(*Continued from page* 198)

and Saturday night, and, although they do not exclude foreign plays from their programs, the Washington Square Players will devote much attention to American plays. They made a good beginning with a bill which included an English version of Maeterlinck's "Intérieur," and with a less earnest piece of humorous interest entitled "Another Interior."

The third plan is of international significance. Under the name of The Modern Stage, Emmanuel Reicher, a distinguished manager, who is also a famous actor, began at the Garrick Theatre on February 23rd last the production of a series of good plays, unusual in character.

Mr. Reicher is himself of German birth. But he speaks English and has one son and one daughter on the American stage. He is known as an admired interpreter of Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Schnitzler and other important dramatists, whom he has largely helped to attain their world-wide fame. He was among the first to aid the Freie Buehne.

Ibsen once said of Mr. Reicher that he was "the best actor of Ibsen" he had ever seen. Strindberg should have burned candles in his honor for what he did, long years ago, to fix the attention of the public on that terrible masterwork, "Der Vater." At the Berlin Deutsches-Theater, in the days of the Otto Brahm management; at the Volkstheatre; at the Lessing and other playhouses, Emmanuel Reicher was a name by which one conjured. Here, too, for a short time, it once meant much to earnest students of the stage. For it was Mr. Reicher who, about fifteen years ago, coached Miss Mary Shaw, Mr. John Blair and his own son Frank (now of the Belasco forces) when they were seen in a remarkable revival (at the Carnegie Lyceum) of Ibsen's "Ghosts."

The war killed art abroad—or, rather, scotched it. And, finding "his occupation gone" in Europe, Mr. Reicher came back to this peaceful land, with the ambition and desire to do here what, with such men as Brahm and Reinhardt, he had done abroad.

In founding The Modern Stage, Mr. Reicher has taken as his models the Théâtre-Libre, the Freie Buehne and the Moscow Art Theatre. He does not pretend that he will change the complexion of our drama or our acting, although he hopes to be of help to both. He will not clash with any New York managers. The performances of The Modern Stage will be given for subscribers to the series and for them only. Moreover, there will be but one performance of each play produced this season; while, if they choose, the "regular" managers will be at liberty to transfer the whole Reicher repertory to their theatres.

No work devoid of psychological interest will be produced by The Modern Stage. Plays of the kinds most current in this country will be avoided; and, to a great extent, the repertory of the new enterprise will be of the character once associated with the Freie Buehne and the Théâtre-Libre. They will be chosen from the dramatic literature not of one country, but of the whole world. Wherever possible, room will be made for works by Americans.

Five different evening performances and programmes have been organized for this season. The prices of seats (for one performance) have been fixed at one, two and three dollars, according to the locations. The productions will be made and the rehearsals will take place under the personal direction of Mr. Reicher.

For the present The Modern Stage will have no permanent company. Some of the best actors on the New York boards have consented to cooperate with Mr. Emmanuel Reicher at the Garrick Theatre.

The opening play was Gerhart Hauptmann's "Elga." The second production, on March 16th, was Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman." The next plays to be given are: Biornson's "When the New Wine Blooms" (April 6th); three one-act plays—1. Hoffmansthal's "Madonna Dianora"; 2. Theodore Dreiser's "The Girl in the Coffin" and 3. Pinski's "The Dollar" (April 27th), and Tchechow's "Uncle Vanja" (May 11th).

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

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"What is that tune your daughter is playing?"
"Which daughter?" asked Mr. Cumrox. "If it is the older girl it's Liszt's 'Hungarian Rhapsody,' and if it is the younger one it's Exercise Twenty-seven."—*Washington Star.*

Theatre Tickets at Cut Rates

(*Continued from page* 186)

with concern at galleries rising blankly to the roof. The seats were there, good plays were on the stage, but rows of tickets remaining in the treasurer's rack were unprofitable. Artistic performances deserving of support were jeopardized because balconies and galleries remained untenanted. Charles Sprague Smith, Director of The People's Institute, launched a movement that, it is estimated, in the course of one season sold 60,000 tickets at reduced rates, and producers and theatregoers of limited means benefited alike. Only plays that had been recommended by a committee of unquestionable competency were endorsed by the Institute. The cause here was poor gallery patronage; the effect was satisfactory to all concerned. But the plan, owing to a number of reasons that need not be summarized, has long since been dropped.

More lasting in its results was the movement inaugurated by Julius Hopp, the beginning of which may be traced to his formation of the Progressive Stage Society in 1905. Performances of what are customarily referred to as "advanced plays" were given at Carnegie Lyceum; but financially the undertaking was a failure, because, as Mr. Hopp explains, it was impossible to do something with nothing. The Progressive Stage Society died; but the ability of its organizer to reach that vague multitude, "the people," was remembered by Winthrop Ames, when, as director of the New Theatre in 1910, the second year of its existence, he determined to make it clear that the Central Park West Institution was not designed to be exclusively the home of wealth and fashion. Director Ames called upon Mr. Hopp to co-operate with him in conducting a series of "People's Nights," when tickets were sold at reduced prices. Again, the cause may be attributed to unprofitable balconies and galleries.

Now we come to the immediate forebears of the People's League, according to entries in the theatrical family tree. They are the Wage Earners Theatre League and the Theatre Centre for Schools, organized by Mr. Hopp in 1910, and operated jointly at 1416 Broadway.

Lee Shubert was the first producer to recognize the possibilities in Mr. Hopp's leagues. He saw their relation to vacant seats and was heartily in accord with "bringing the stage to the people." In the past four years few managers have overlooked the Wage Earners Theatre League during the critical period of a play's run, when it is being "placed on its feet," as the saying is, or when audiences are falling off and the theatre must be kept open a few weeks longer.

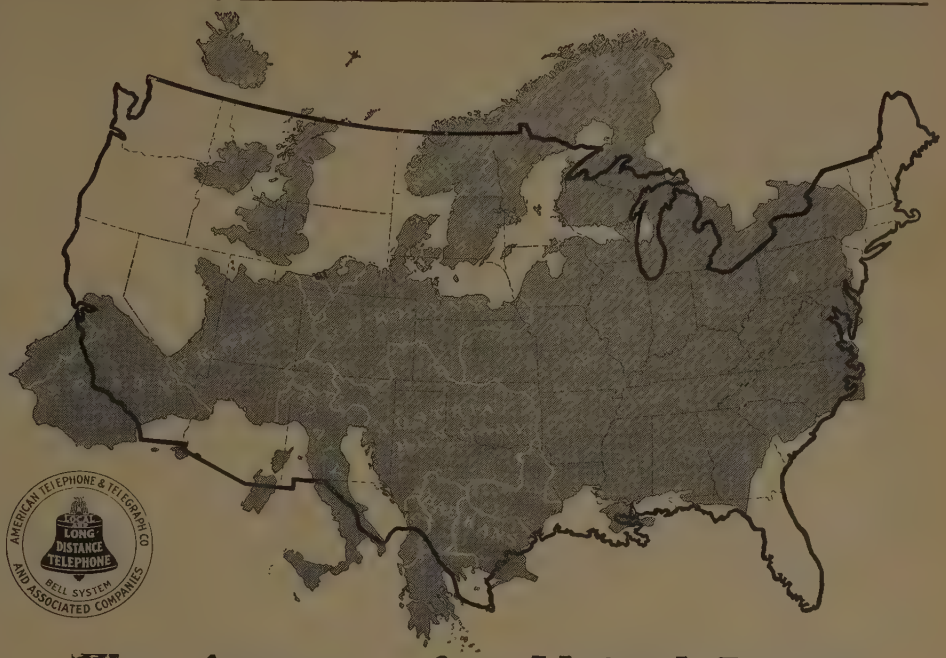
But the relations of Mr. Hopp's organizations and the theatres were broken off about two months ago. On February 4th, the Wage Earners Theatre League, allied with the Professional Woman's League, Inc., produced "L'Avare," thereby instituting a new policy by which it is intended to bring art onto the stage through their own efforts. Meanwhile the galleries are no less numerous and the need for filling them is no less pressing. The problem remains and the People's League, along with other cut-rate mediums, exists for the purpose of solving it.

Not long ago editorials in the New York *Times* and the New York *Sun* protested against the increase of the cut-rate ticket business, noticeable during the current season. These complaints no doubt were inspired by the activity of a number of concerns, mostly located on Sixth Avenue, to whom tickets are sold by theatre managers at a price low enough to permit a good profit when they are resold to the public at half the box office scale. Such are the results of a poor season. Rather than have a seat remain vacant, a manager may figure, and not without reason, that it is well to find an occupant even if the actual return is small.

But such a system is, of course, a violation of sound business methods demanding one price for everybody. As a matter of fact the value placed on theatre tickets is becoming more and more fluctuating. A sizable army of "dead heads" resents paying anything, and not infrequently its members are welcomed by a manager who thinks "papering" the house to be a wise policy; another part of the audience is supplied by cut-rate ticket agencies, and another has handed money to the treasurer according to the printed scale of prices. Then, providing the play is a success, there are the speculators, whose method is sufficiently well understood.

All things considered the cost of going to a theatre in New York these days depends largely upon one's knowledge of the "ropes."

LYNDE DENIG.



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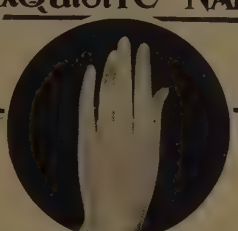

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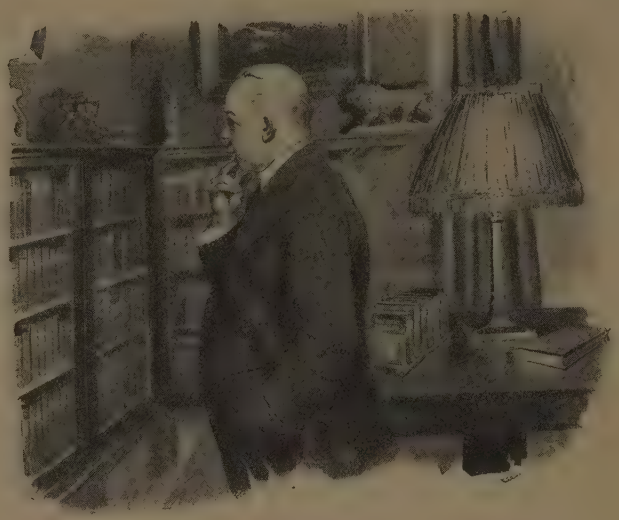

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When They Were Twenty-One

(*Continued from page* 192)

just graduated from the Grand Duke's Theatre, on Baxter Street. Sam joined the French Folly Company, doing a monologue so well that he became owner of the company. Keith paid Sam $75 a week when his act was just as good and precisely the same as two years ago when he found $2,500 in his pay envelope.

Eva Tanguay, now advertised as having "made vaudeville famous," was at twenty-one the same cyclonic Eva we know to-day. She first appeared as a star in a farce comedy called "Bubbles," and was paid $35 a week in some of the theatres where to-day the managers are falling over each other in the scramble to pay her $2,500 a week.

Lillian Russell was not yet twenty-one when she made her début as a star on Broadway in the operetta, "The Grand Mogul." Just before that the fair Lillian was singing in Teddy Solomon's "Billie Taylor," at Tony Pastor's for $25 a week. Her début on the stage was in "Pinafore" in the chorus.

Marie Dressler was in the chorus when she was twenty-one, as also were Marie Cahill, Pauline Hall and many others of the stars of to-day.

DeWolf Hopper, at twenty-one, did not know he could sing, but his mother was so pleased with his début as an amateur actor that she gave him $100.000 to start him on a stage career. Hopper organized the Criterion Comedy Company, presenting "Caste," "Our Boys," and a farce called "Freaks." As Captain Hawtree the elongated Hopper scored so well that he was offered engagements galore, which was comforting, for the $100,000 was quickly exhausted. The late John McCaull heard DeWolf sing and immediately engaged him as the principal comedian at the Casino, though actually he made his operatic début in Philadelphia.

ROBERT GRAU.

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Recent Stage Hits

(*Continued from page* 200)

and came to this country some years ago. She was soon attracted to the stage, and her first appearance was so successful that she was encouraged to continue. Later she appeared with such well-known players as Ben Greet and Mme. Modjeska. She was with Mrs. Fiske in Edward Sheldon's vivid play of slum life, "Salvation Nell," and also acted with Doris Keane in that other Sheldon play, "Romance."

Y. D. G.

THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 172)

Service. The story of the play will be found in full on another page. Lewis S. Stone is the Britisher, Captain Woodhouse, suspected of being a German spy. Macey Harlam is the picturesque and fiery Indian, Jaimihr Khan, impassively silent at first and volubly fiery later.

BANDBOX THEATRE. The Washington Square Players have a bill of four pieces. The first of the plays, Maeterlinck's "Interior," is familiar in its published form, but it has never been put forward in the "commercial" houses. It is a short play, but it employs nine characters, for the most part mute. That it leaves the desired impression of weirdness cannot be denied. It is a novelty, and always will be a novelty, because of its quaintness, its uniqueness, and because it is most unlikely that dramatists will write many such plays or that the public would care to see them. The stage management or scenic disposition of the production gave evidence of a certain independence that is encouraging for the capabilities of the company. Mr. Walter Frankl, as the old man, represented in every conceivable way all the desired mystery; and it must be said that all the actors, few of whom were professional, acted with simplicity and suppression, giving not the slightest occasion of reproach for amateurism. We regard this performance as an achievement that justifies the existence of the organization. If the acting was as simple and as good in all other productions future success would be certain. Of course, players beginning in this way are bound to become professional.

A little satire by Edward Goodman entitled "Eugenically Speaking" was clever.

(*Continued on page* 211)

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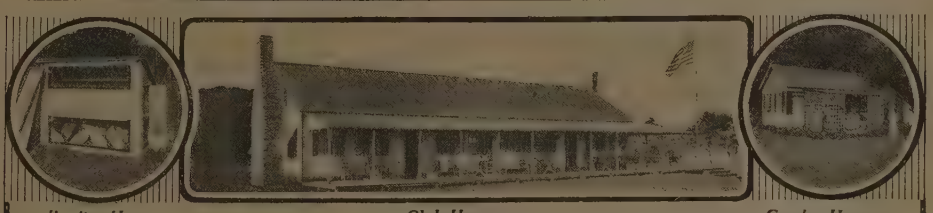

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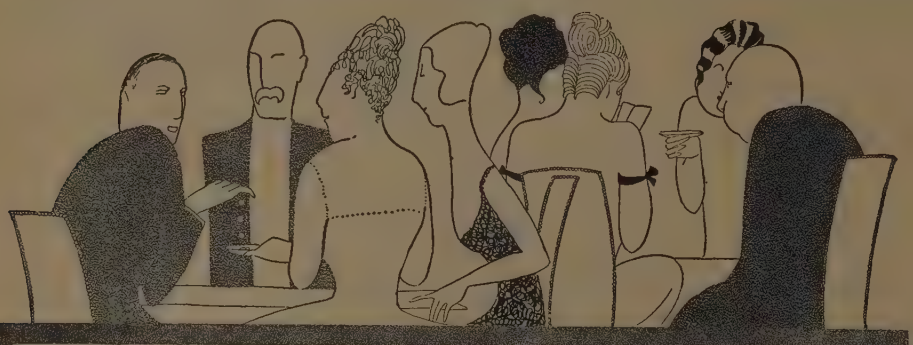

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AT THE OPERA

(*Continued from page* 183)

audience, and this success has continued with each successive appearance, the great public singling her out as a favorite and indulging in unusual demonstrations of enthusiasm. Why? She is not the greatest of dramatic artists, for beside Fremstad, Ternina and Lehmann she would be dwarfed. But her voice has the charm and quality of youth. While it is true that her low tones are weak, the rest of her register is even and is of beautiful quality, the high notes being really sung and not shrieked and forced—a rare attribute for a Wagnerian dramatic soprano. Her acting is passably good, and if it has the fault of lacking in tradition it, at least, has the added virtue of being charged with human interest. For these reasons her Isolde, her Brünnhildes of both "Die Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung," her Sieglinde and her Kundry are all of interest to the public. The last named rôle is by far her least interesting one, for her interpretation of this strange woman of Wagner's imagination lacks subtlety in dramatic expression. But she sings them all gloriously and by these means she has silenced critical broadsides and has, which is even more valuable, won the admiration of the public.

To offset her arrival at this opera house is the distressing incident of Caruso's departure, for he sang and bade good-bye, on February 17th, in "Pagliacci," leaving three days later to fill a contract to sing a month of opera at Monte Carlo—a contract that was made seven years ago and the enforcement of which was demanded this season. Despite the many and silly rumors to the contrary, this and this alone, is the reason for the great tenor's departure from the Metropolitan before the end of the season. His final appearance was the occasion of one of the greatest demonstrations ever witnessed at this stately opera house.

Much more tragic was the death of Rudolph Berger, Austrian tenor, who had been heard here last season for the first time and who only recently joined these opera forces again. His second appearance of the season was as Siegfried in "Gotterdämmerung," on February 18th, and during the performance suffered severe rheumatic pains. Nine days afterward he was dead of heart failure. He was a giant in stature, and his Siegfried's and his Siegmund are remembered for their heroic stage presence.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

Millionaire Homes in Filmland

(*Continued from page* 181)

many of these are being continually utilized by the Reliance Company. At Los Angeles the large moving-picture colony has an abundant supply of beautiful homes to serve as settings, that of George Mitchell, the millionaire mine-owner, being very frequently seen.

It is for various reasons and in several ways that the film companies obtain permission to use these exclusive homes. Sometimes the owner is a director or stockholder in the company, and the privelege is granted for business reasons. This is especially true in California where many millionaires have taken up motion-photography as a fad, and, with its growth, have become active and prominent in the business. The California Motion Picture Corporation, in particular, is owned and directed entirely by several extremely wealthy men whose fortunes were established before the moving picture was heard of.

But in most cases the estates are loaned by owners who have no other than a friendly interest in the film industry. They are approached diplomatically, often by the president of the manufacturing company, or occasionally by a personal friend who is actively interested in the company, with a polite request for what is wanted, and, sometimes, with an actual guarantee that no injury will be done to the property. Not infrequently when an owner balks at first and later gives in reluctantly he develops eventually into a most enthusiastic movie fan. It is fortunate for manufacturers and public alike when he enters this frame of mind, because no more beautiful stage could be found than that which his domains afford. Here and only here can film lords and ladies appear as they are supposed to appear, in a royal setting made perfect by Nature and—the almighty dollar.

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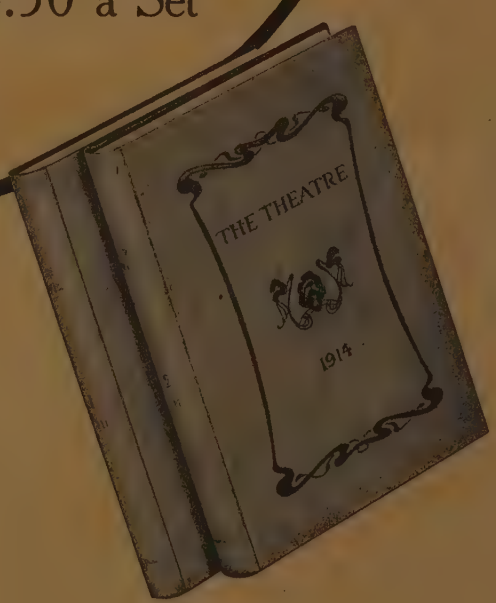

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(*Continued from page 207*)

"Licensed," a little play by Bazil Lawrance, represented the tendency to take hold of social questions. Without regard to the philosophy of this little play, there was a touching emotionalism in it. Ida Rauh, as the girl, was very efficient, and so was Josephine Meyer, as the mother. A preposterous thing called "Another Interior" was performed. The bill gave the scene as the interior of a human stomach. We are supposed to see what happened in the reception of indigestible parts of a lobster. Microbes and gastric juices dance together—a crazy performance.

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE. Three plays constitute the second bill of this organization. The first one, "The Glittering Gate," in one act, by Lord Dunsany, belongs to the repertory of the Irish Players. That the play goes forward in the direction of the new is at once apparent in the announcement in the program that the two characters of the play are burglars, "now dead." Apart from this announcement, the producers indicated the locality of the scene by having below the level of the scene itself the strip of an abysm studded with stars. Above these stars was a vague background, a beautiful gate in the middle, massive ornamented, locked, forbidding view and entrance. It is the gate to Heaven. It is a quaint little piece, with a not too obvious meaning.

The second play, "Tethered Sheep" is by a member of the organization, Robert Gilbert Welsh. The scene is laid in the Kentucky mountains among the moonshiners and feudists. There was excellent characterization in the play by Mr. Welsh, and the acting was so good that it is plain to see that Mrs. Le Moyne, or whoever it is that trains the players, has material out of which a company can be built up. Rose Beatrice Schiff, as Bethzady Snow, was very efficient. Ida Schiff, as Mrs. Jeenson, was also very capable.

The third play was "The Maker of Dreams," a fantasy in one act by Oliphant Down. It is a Pierrot and Pierrette play. The Dream Maker was well played by David Solomon and Bella Nodell was spirited and appealing as Pierrette.

WINTER GARDEN. "MAID IN AMERICA." Production in two acts. Lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Harry Carroll. Produced on February 18th.

"Maid in America" is another of those productions for which the Winter Garden has become famous. While it is scenically a good piece it has not nearly the snap nor the go of its predecessors. The artists who appear each night have no occasion to shine, nor is a chance given to that clever performer, Nora Bayes. The mere fact that the old stunt of putting a gangway so the players can mingle with the audience, used in "Sumurun," has become a fixture at the Winter Garden, suggests that the stage manager lacks imagination. He ought to find something more novel.

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Students in Interesting Plays

The students comprising the 1915 Senior Class of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts have been seen at the Empire Theatre this season in a number of interesting plays. "The Son and Heir," an English comedy, in four acts, by Gladys Unger, produced on January 7th, afforded good opportunities to Ann deNully, Laura Iverson, Ralph Collier and Alan E. Edwards. The second play was a translation of Ludwig Fulda's three-act comedy, "The Cure." Special credit is due Wallace Todd for a fine bit of character acting as Dr. Herman Slevogt, and also to Jack Wessel, who played with skill the part of a nerve-racked musician and ladies' idol. The character of Elvine Slevogt was well handled by Frieda Roberts. In "The Truants," by Wilfred T. Coleby, Etta Mansfield and Kenneth Loane earned praise for their complete grasp of their respective rôles. Miss Mansfield in a difficult part showed exceptional merit and Mr. Loane, as Bill Chetwood, gave a characterization remarkably natural and true to life. Miss Zaina Curzon, who played the part of Pamela Grey is also to be commended. Other performances given by the students were, "The Enigma," by Paul Hervieu; "The Lie Beautiful," a comedy by Maxwell Parry, and "The Stepmother," by Arnold Bennett. For the final performance of the season, on March 18th, the Academy produced Ibsen's drama, "Little Eyolf."

"I would I were a bird," she sang.

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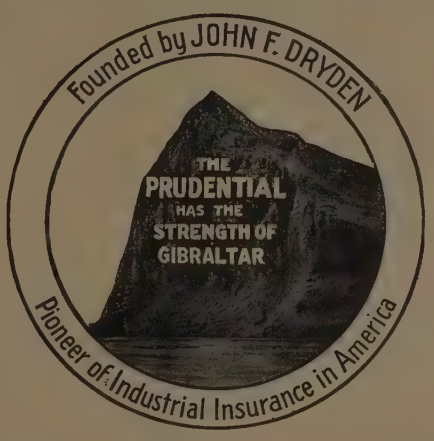

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The Kaiser and Senator Beveridge talked together for two hours, and in the March 27th issue of Collier's Senator Beveridge describes his visit.

The Kaiser had not then, nor has he yet, received any foreigner since the war began, with the exception of Collier's exclusive correspondent, Senator Beveridge.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg and Admiral von Tirpitz were also visited by Senator Beveridge, and in "A Visit to the Kaiser and His War Lords" he presents these three great German leaders to the readers of

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"The Birth of a Nation"

UNQUESTIONABLY the biggest thing in moving pictures produced so far by American brains is D. W. Griffith's new screen drama, "The Birth of a Nation," now drawing capacity houses at the Liberty Theatre, with a maximum price of two dollars for the best seats. While not surpassing, in artistic merit, the great Italian film "Cabiria," the Griffith photo play is certainly a remarkable achievement of the camera, and of special interest to Americans depicting as it does some of the most vital chapters in their national history. The fact that it is based upon Thomas Dixon's story, "The Clansman," a book bitterly uncompromising in its attitude to the colored question, tends to weaken rather than strengthen it as delectable public entertainment. What good end is accomplished by stirring up all the racial bitterness and rehashing all the blunders that marked the Reconstruction period is not readily explained. With this one criticism, however, "The Birth of a Nation" compels the highest praise. It stands on its own merit if only by the sheer beauty of its marvellous pictures.

Bangs
D. W. GRIFFITH

It is impossible to describe all the scenes. Those showing battles are on a scale never before attempted. From a hilltop, we see thousands of armed men fighting in the valley below. We see Sherman and his veterans on their historic march to the sea, we see the blue and the grey repelling desperate assaults in their respective trenches, and we see General Lee, strangely life-like, signing the treaty of surrender in the court house and shaking hands with the equally life-like Grant. We are present with Lincoln at the fatal performance of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre. We witness Booth shooting the President and the tumult that followed.

Made at Los Angeles, this film play is 1,385 feet in length. It cost twenty months of preparation. It required the services of 18,000 persons and its cost was a half a million dollars.

"I believe the motion pictures of the future," said Mr. Griffith to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "will deal with big themes and have an epic quality. They will cost, in the making, a million dollars, and people will be glad to pay five dollars for a seat to witness them. They will become what they are destined to be, paintings in drama. They will have the dignity of grand opera and command the respect that grand opera does. It is because I have that vision of them that I produced the largest motion picture yet made."

Repelling desperate assaults in the trenches

The lean, tall, youthful looking man across the table ceased his long, slow puffs at a cigar and smiled. He had been asked to put the toil of twenty months into the space of a nutshell. It is characteristic of David W. Griffith that he tried. His experiences are well worth the telling.

"The Clansman" was submitted to me and I read it. The story was the first step. I kept it in mind while directing other pictures. It was forming in my mind for a year. I wrote at it now and then, but the actual labor of writing it was done in a month. The next step was to select my cast. That required three months. My principal difficulty was in finding a leading man. I reviewed in my mind at least two hundred men. I made a survey of all the leading men on the stage. My choice fell upon Henry Walthorne. The South, I know, is full of big men. But while Walthorne is a small man he had, otherwise, the appearance, and an heroic soul that would comprehend big issues. I called him 'The Little Colonel' to fit his stature. Lincoln was more difficult. I tried possibilities of Lincoln for three months, until I found the right man. It was the same with Sumner and Stanton, and Lee and Grant. The women were not so hard to find. One of them worked in pictures a year, playing unimportant parts and receiving little attention, because I was holding her for that part. And so of the other two leading women.

"The army of supernumeraries I secured through the large floating population of California. The motion picture business is so tremendous in Los Angeles that six thousand persons are constantly employed in the studios in the capacity of supernumeraries. We had to import from San Francisco recruits from the unemployed.

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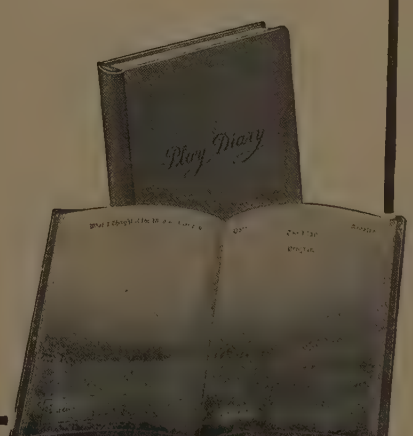

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LEO DITRICHSTEIN.

"I am just in receipt of a letter from Mme. Pavlowa which might interest you. I sent her two copies of this month's Theatre Magazine. She was delighted with the issue and has apparently read it from cover to cover. She has even underlined the following: The Theatre Magazine is wonderful, artistic and a pleasure to read.'"

MAX RABINOFF.

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

CONTENTS

Clothes Seen on the Stage

A New Artistic Profession

Good-Looking Hats and Veils

Highlights on Trinkets

A New and Useful Nick-nack

© Ira L. Hill

One of Frances Starr's favorite gowns

Clothes Seen on the Stage

"Aren't you glad we're going to have the free use of our legs back again? See how delightfully roomy the pleated skirt of this suit is."

MENTION the Stage and Actresses and there follows at once the associative idea of Fashions. Meaning, that the Ladies of the Stage, besides having the widest possible opportunity for putting a gown into the eye of the beholder, have moreover the authority that expert training in any matter imposes. And you must admit that *they* do know how to select and wear their clothes off as well as on the Stage, don't they? Wherefore has the Stage always been one of the chief arbiters in the disseminating of Fashions.

This in mind, I felt that could I induce the two charming actresses, Miss Frances Starr and Miss Chrystal Herne, to give away some of their ideas on the new Spring dresses and Dress in general, I should have a kind of specialist knowledge to pass on. I sought them out. Might I see a favorite frock or two? Would they be willing to say what they thought of the new Spring Dresses? Of Dressing in general? Of whether styles must forever originate in Paris, or whether America might not now opportunely break through, create for herself and impose her own standards? They were willing—most graciously and generously willing. And as each upholds a different side of the shield, their opinions taken in conjunction are doubly interesting. En voilà!

MISS STARR AND THE NEW MODES

Miss Starr, when I put to her the question of what she thought of the new Modes, smiled and said: "I find them fascinating. Perhaps I'm rather a poor person to ask, because I like the change and variety of each new season. Still I do really think there never were so many pretty models to have, especially for the young and slender, though they should be chosen with much discretion by the—shall we say?—others." However here we digressed from the main channel to concur that you might almost say there were no others nowadays; and were brought back by Miss Starr's maid presenting a first delectable frock.

Made from a wonderful piece of old French silk it might have stepped by itself—the quality of the taffeta was that for which our Grandmothers sought and knew as "able to stand alone"—from the frame surrounding a Boucher or a Fragonard. The skirt of it was full and short, quite six or seven inches from the floor, and held out, stiffened is too harsh a word, by a thick cord inserted around the very edge. The waist, conceding just enough seeming pinch not to be out of harmony with the idea, was garlanded with a little wreath of silk flowers in shades a bit brighter than those woven in the stuff above the hem. The color of the silk was the loveliest old pink, the chief note in the flower border pale blue, and with the dress Miss Starr was to wear pale blue silk stockings, slippers with large paste buckles, and—Pantalettes, real live Pantalettes! "They don't show very much," Miss Starr rather

—one of Miss Starr's duckiest frocks was of Belgian blue.

apologized, "and they're so splendid for dancing. Aren't you glad we're going to have the free use of our legs back again? Here are two frocks from Henri Bendel's. See how delightfully roomy the pleated skirt of this suit is. And aren't these French shirtwaists to go with it things of beauty?" Miss Starr was all enthusiasm for present trends.

The white frock turned out to be of chiffon cloth scattered with silver-embroidered roses, and having a sort of etherealized tunic of mother-of-pearl beads dripping lower on one side than the other in the back.

Miss Herne's "Dickey Bird" frock of lavender Pussy-willow with a corn-colored hat.

But Miss Herne quite to the contrary. She almost went so far as to feel antagonistic to the new styles. "My own personal preferences," she said, "are for clinging draping stuffs, charmeuse, chiffon cloth, velvets." I interrupted in perplexity. The frock she was showing me and which she wears in "The Dickey Bird" (the curtain raiser now preceding "Polygamy" at the Park) was of pussy-willow taffeta, crisp and sassy, in the latest mode.

STAGE VERSUS PERSONAL CLOTHES

"O, but you must distinguish between stage clothes and personal clothes, you know," Miss Herne responded quickly. "This 'Dickey Bird' frock is not at all the sort I should chose for myself. But it fits the character I am impersonating. It came to me, by the way," she continued, "you might say as an inspiration, along with my first reading of the part." If you will imaginatively wash into the picture of the frock here reproduced a pinkish lavender, and into the hat which goes with it a corn color, being further informed that the ribbon around the crown is black velvet, and the flowers pressed between the brims of softly harmonizing shades, you will see that the inspiration was of the happiest.

"As Zina in 'Polygamy,' on the other hand," Miss Herne further explained, "I am very happily cast as to clothes. Zina can wear the long flowing lines which I feel are likewise best suited to me, the kind of clothes I am sure I shall go on wearing, regardless of the dictates of fashion. Molly! Bring the white frock and the yellow frock." Molly brought them. The white frock turned out to be of chiffon cloth scattered with silver-embroidered roses, and having a sort of etherealized tunic of mother-of-pearl beads dripping lower on one side than the other in the back: and the yellow frock was of chiffon, with a like individual note in a one-sided drop to the fur-bordered peplum.

"INDIVIDUALITY"

"Of course," remarked Miss Herne tranquilly, "these are hopelessly old-fashioned." She said this as one who acknowledges broadmindedly another point of view while at the same time reserving the right to hold undisturbedly her own. Miss Herne's individuality is so distinct as to make smart anything she wears. But individu-

(*Continued on page 222*)

Kleinert's Dress Shields

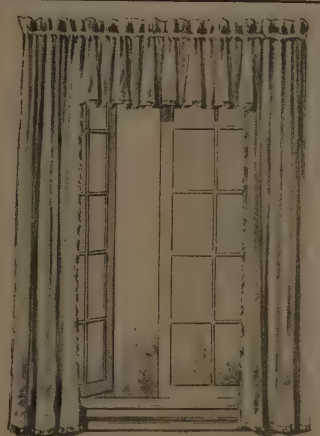
Fashionable Garments for 1915 with their tight sleeves will require dress shields.

For *absolute* dress shield protection select for your gowns

The GEM

The sunny side of the house

no longer presents a curtain problem. Its windows need no longer be draped in white or else show streaked and spotted fabrics faded by the sun.



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This Tag and Guarantee on every bolt

A WOMAN'S FACE.

The Story It Tells.

FULL in the fairway of every woman's voyage through life there is a maelstrom, a swift, wicked vortex, in which beauty and comeliness go to wreck. You may call it Ignorance or Carelessness, although in these days only the Careless need be ignorant. The wise woman knows that beauty will endure when it is cared for and so she goes serenely by the dreaded whirlpool, her face all a-smile.

Also, did it ever occur to you that a woman's face is a book of revelations? If she has been negligent or dilatory, her complexion will be defective, her skin unpleasing. But if her complexion is perfect, her skin radiant and clear, you have revelation that she is one of the wise women who know.

If one were to penetrate into the boudoirs of peerless peeresses, of royalty itself—and of fascinating women in other stations who have the world at their feet, one would not require the assistance of a microscope to discover —Valaze.

Such women as Mme. Jeanne Faber, Marthe Chenal, Lavallière, Gabrielle Dorziat, Jane Renouard, Stana Napierkowska, and scores of other Parisiennes, and then of the English-speaking artistes such as Lillah McCarthy, Alexandra Carlisle, Lily Brayton, Marjory Maude, Lily Elsie, Marie Loehr, Cecilia Loftus, the Elliott Sisters (Maxine and Lady Forbes-Robertson), the Vanbrugh Sisters (Violet and Irene), Pauline Chase, Gladys Cooper, Marie Tempest, Evelyn d'Alroy, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Iris Hoey, Fanny Ward and many, many others have all, at one time or other, following simply a womanly instinct, communicated to others, with undisguised enthusiasm, their own satisfaction with—Valaze.

Mention of this overwhelming appreciation from women in all parts of the world is not made out of boastfulness or bravado, but merely to the end that it may serve as a useful guide or suggestion to other women who wish to be certain that they are right in the selection of what is essential to scientific and competent care of the complexion, and that is again—Valaze.

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—called Valaze for short—is the cornerstone of the Valaze Beauty Treatments which that leader of the English and French Beauty Cult, Madame Helena Rubinstein, has lately introduced also to the women of this country.

This rare preparation, an invention of a Russian specialist, Dr. Lykuski, yields to the skin active stimulation and convincing beauty, ensuring at the same time freedom from lines, looseness, and other similar defects. The use of Valaze, to produce the greatest possible benefit, does not make a greater demand on your time than from two to five minutes a day. It stamps out freckles, sunburn and sallowness. Clearness, softness and smoothness of the skin are made lasting with the help of Valaze. Its price is $2.25 and $6.00 a jar, and a sample pot sufficient for six weeks' use can be had for $1.25.

In the matter of Face Powders, Madame Rubinstein is the first Complexion Specialiste to differentiate between normal, dry, greasy, and "shiny" skin, maintaining the reasonable, scientific, and modern view, that the use of a powder which is not suitable does more harm than good. She therefore supplies Valaze Complexion Powder ($1.00, $2.50 and $4.50 a box) for moist and normal skins, and Novena Poudre, at equal prices, for dry skins. A special powder again, known as *Poudre No. 3*, is the latest specialty for use on those parts of the face which are inclined to be "shiny," as the nose and, not infrequently, also, the cheeks and chin. This powder is not for general use, but only for the purpose mentioned, and is by many of Mme. Rubinstein's clients used in conjunction with the one or other variety of her face powders. The price is $1.50 a pot.

For this bane, so peculiar, unfortunately, to American women, of coarse,

open pores, Mme. Rubinstein has three remarkable specialities which are: *Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste;* a unique scientific preparation, the invention of an eminent professor in one of Europe's most famous universities, which reduces enlarged pores, suppresses blackheads, and does away with coarseness, greasiness and muddy appearance of the skin. $1.00 and $2.00 a box.

Valaze Liquidine: A most interesting preparation and quite mystifying in its action of overcoming undue flushing of nose and face, of oiliness and "shine" of skin, and of coarse-poredness. It also whitens the skin most remarkably and removes stains from throats discolored by furs. $1.50 and $2.75 a bottle.

Valaze Beauty Grains: The daily use of this speciality by washing improves the skin's texture and preserves its velvety touch. It keeps the skin charmingly pure and alabaster-like in appearance. When used for washing the hands; it invests them with a delicate creamy whiteness and adds dainty distinction to their appearance. $1.00 and $2.00 a box.

For Crowsfeet and the multitude of little lines that seam the skin beneath and round about the eyes Mme. Rubinstein has at the disposal of her clients two preparations. These are: *l'Eau verte,* for use of ladies of about thirty years of age—the time when lines begin to appear; and *l'Eau-qui-pique* for ladies of more advanced age, and whose skin has lost the freshness of youth. These two preparations also whiten the skin and drive away coarse or heavy appearance as well as brown spots. In its effect *l'Eau verte* is the counterpart in every particular of *l'Eau-qui-pique,* but possesses a degree of activity less pronounced. The prices are $3.00 a bottle.

In a most interesting booklet entitled "Beauty in the Making," from the original French *Comment se fait la Beauté,* Mme. Rubinstein has dealt with every defect of the complexion and pointed out the way to its prevention and relief. In it, also is given a detailed account of all preparations which are exclusively supplied by her. This booklet will be sent, post free, on application, mentioning THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

As to treatments carried on at Mme. Rubinstein's Maison de Beauté Valaze at No. 15 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK, which has been equipped with the same perfection of detail as her houses at 255 Rue Saint Honoré, in Paris, and at 24 Grafton Street in Mayfair, London, their variety is limited only by the variety of the requirements of women in the ever interesting field of the Beauty Cult.

A visit to Mme. Rubinstein's sanctum or an inquiry by letter solves many a little heartache due to some shortcoming in appearance.

A New Artistic Profession

MADAME RUBINSTEIN BY BARON DE MEYER
Specially posed for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

IF there can be any mitigating circumstances in this hideous war now in progress, perhaps they are going to be found in the interesting people it is sending to us from the other side. Since September we have received all kinds and classes of professions, among them singers, actors, dancers, writers, who have had chance for the first time to widen their scope and come and live with us for a space.

Among those newly arrived is one who stands quite alone in her line, Mme. Helena Rubinstein, a Russian, and the foremost authority on beauty culture on the continent.

We are rather inclined to think of beauty culture over here as a business, at best, a trade. It has remained for Mme. Rubinstein to show us that it can be approached from a new angle, and by force of natural skill, study and personality be developed into an artistic profession. Not only has Mme. Rubinstein the standing in Europe of any artist who creates beauty where none grew before, or brings it out from under hiding, but she is recognized as well as a specialist, trained under the leading continental physicians, and now, in turn, because of independent research work, consulted by them for technical details of facial treatment, and even in questions of facial operations. Royal personages of all sorts visit her big establishment in Grafton Street, Mayfair, in the Rue St. Honoré in Paris (incidentally there are branches at Sydney and Melbourne), and the latter establishment once received the Queen of Rumania, still a constant visitor, and many years before that the late revered Empress Elizabeth, for a month's incognito visit.

Mme. Rubinstein has the standing in Europe of any artist who creates beauty where none grew before

People who have attained an eminence of one sort or another very rarely give visible exterior marks of it, which I've always felt was the greatest pity. Quite half the time there is a most disappointing contradiction between the exterior and the interior. Therefore, it was a great joy when I went to see Mme. Rubinstein to find at once in her personal appearance and the setting she had made for it at her New York house on 49th Street, west of Fifth Avenue, the outward evidences that should belong to a marked individuality.

Mme. Rubinstein says the mask of make-up that American women wear is unnecessary

She herself is a dear little brown-haired, brown-eyed woman with the vivid face of a child. That morning she had just come in "a long way from the country," and with her hair in a great simple knot at the back of her head and a bit wind-blown around her face, under the brown silk hat jammed down over it, for all the world as a child might have done, she had a peculiarly little-girl expression. Brown fur came close up under her chin and completed the harmony. And years could have been measured on Mme. Rubinstein only by the things she has accomplished.

Years can be measured on Mme. Rubinstein only by the things she has accomplished

In this connection, what she said about the skins of American women has a particular and related interest. She feels we neglect the essentials of caring for the skin and then try to cover this up with a crude mask of cosmetics, "like"—here she searched strenuously for a word—"like a Pierrot. On the continent," she continued, "every effort is made to keep the face childlike, to get it in such condition that *maquillage*, save for a gentle touching-up, is unneccessary. All you Americans know is cold cream—and cream—and cream. Nothing of tonics, of astringents, or right applications. When the face is washed of its layers of cream and powder and rouge, *ma foi*, what deplorable conditions are revealed! But," she laughed, "the worse the skin the better I like it. The exultation I feel at the results my preparations bring! Never have I seen any like them."

Mme. Rubinstein says she has little time to spend on clothes. All she can do to insure being properly gowned is to visit the greatest couturiers every so often and say, "I will have this, and this, and this," without any fuss or time wasted. Of such garnering is the Poiret frock shown here in the portrait, quite one of the most beautiful frocks I have ever seen. Madame's favorite costume, almost in the nature of a uniform, consists of a simple little jacket of old rose or blue silk—she has several colorings—crossing in front and ending behind in a tasseled sash. This is worn with a very short box-pleated skirt of white crêpe de chine, from under which peep tiny Russian boots of soft white kid with tall tops. Such a lovely and individual costume!

In the New York frame Mme. Rubinstein has created for her work she uses the vivid colorings of the Leon Bakst influence. I can give you here only two tantalizing glimpses: one, of the treatment rooms with their large comfortable chairs covered with blue and white chintz in a Cubist pattern; and the other, of a room, hung in a chintz of black background with hundreds of blue and red and green birds on it, and pointed off with one black table and one of vermillion enamel. But to do the whole justice you should really go and behold for yourself.

NEW SPRING MODELS

Gray or white buckskin, black kid binding and tip, bench made . . $5.98

White calfskin with black patent leather trimming, bench made . . $5.98

Black patent leather, sand kid back, bench made $5.98

Silk Hosiery to match . . 95c

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used regularly will preserve the natural softness of the skin and create a clear, dainty complexion. Over a million American women use Creme de Meridor. It will not grow hair.

De Meridor Face Powder provides the finishing touch to a beautiful complexion. Made in four tints.

Creme de Meridor and de Meridor Face Powder are sold at all good stores.

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Anna Propp, Soubrette, says: "*Creme de Meridor* is invaluable to use as it renders the sun and wind harmless to a delicate complexion."

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The Khaki Kool model illustrated, is from Lady Duff Gordon's (Lucile) recent collection, made in America, for her New York, London and Paris establishments. The Lining and Parasol are of Pussy Willow Print.

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THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF THE

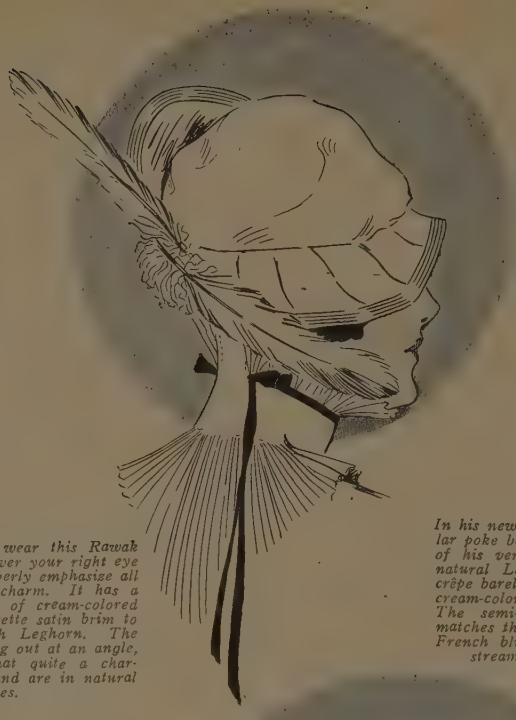
Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The most exclusive medium which no advertiser can afford to overlook will be published this and the following seasons by

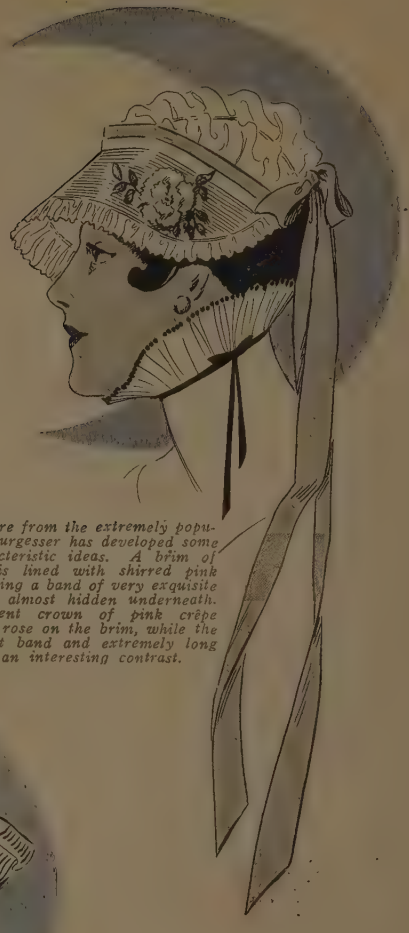
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

Send for Rates and Particulars **8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York**

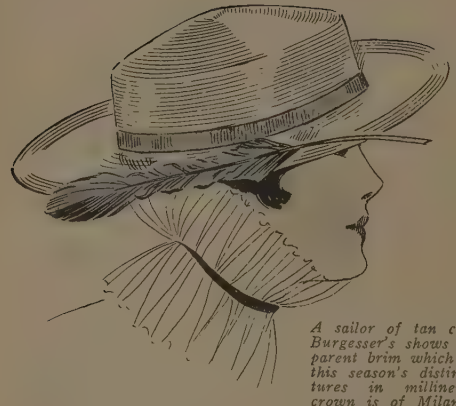
A simple affair this Castle Hat—but in excellent style and taste. A purple satin brim with a straw crown to match and just enough morning-glories of a lighter shade on either side to give the whole a bit of color.



You really must wear this Rawak hat as far down over your right eye as you can to properly emphasize all of its dash and charm. It has a transparent crown of cream-colored crêpe and a Georgette satin brim to match, faced with Leghorn. The two quills, shooting out at an angle, give the whole hat quite a character of its own and are in natural tones.

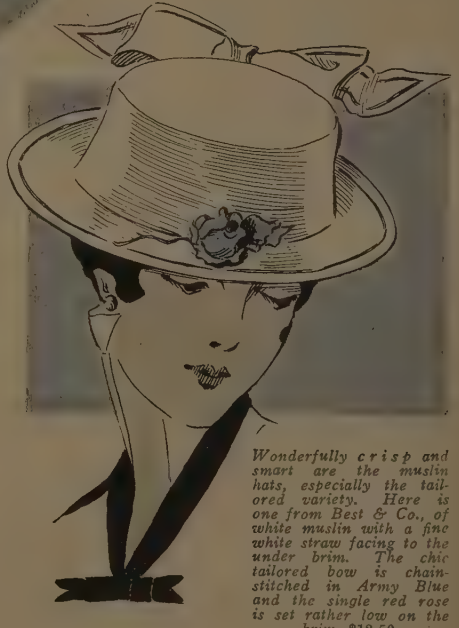


In his new departure from the extremely popular poke bonnet, Burgesser has developed some of his very characteristic ideas. A brim of natural Leghorn is lined with shirred pink crêpe barely disclosing a band of very exquisite cream-colored lace almost hidden underneath. The semi-transparent crown of pink crêpe matches the single rose on the brim, while the French blue velvet band and extremely long streamers are an interesting contrast.



A sailor of tan crêpe from Burgesser's shows the transparent brim which is one of this season's distinctive features in millinery. The crown is of Milan hemp, a narrow strip of which borders the brim. A green grosgrain band for contrast and a fancy tan quill for trimming finish a beautiful hat beautifully.

There is a vivid picture of hot summer days, shady drives and sea-shore boardwalks in the muslin hat. Of pale pink muslin this one which Best & Co. sells for $12.50 has a drooping edge that hangs at least an inch and a half over its brim and is run with uneven stitches of Army Blue silk thread. An Army Blue grosgrain ribbon crops out in a loop here and an end there in the flat bow set directly in the center of the crown.



Wonderfully crisp and smart are the muslin hats, especially the tailored variety. Here is one from Best & Co., of white muslin with a fine white straw facing to the under brim. The chic tailored bow is chain-stitched in Army Blue and the single red rose is set rather low on the brim, $12.50.

A Trellis Veil of the Van Raalte make. The octagon mesh is pretty and new and generally becoming to any type of face.

Delicate as this filet veil appears, it is exceptionally strong, which is one of the features of Van Raalte veils. It has an attractive Russian border.

Good-looking Hats and Veils

The effectiveness of this season's hats relies almost entirely on the way they are worn. You really must place your hat far front and rather high in back or a good deal of its dash and chic will be lost.

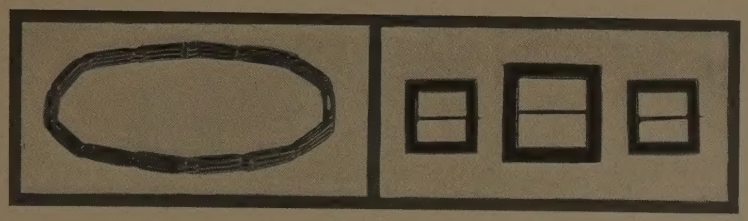
The introduction of muslin hats is one of the comparatively few novelties in early summer millinery. It is a really truly "American Style" inspired by our patriotic appeal for things "made of cotton, and spell PARIS in every piquant and saucy line.

Miss Ann Murdock who, no doubt, is one of the foremost ingenues on the American stage expressed herself as delighted with the veils shown this year by Van Raalte. By the time you have read this article the two veils shown here can be found in all first-class shops in great variety of colors and patterns. They all are the *dernier cri*.

Black veils, of course, are first choice, but the woman who likes to have the little accessories to her costume match in detail can select any of the new shades—Dusky Brown, Battleship Gray, Russian Green or even White, and still be distinctively vogue.

Highlights On Trinkets

The smartness which lies in the long tight-fitting sleeves of a blue serge morning frock is greatly increased by a silver bracelet worn outside and high up on the wrist. This one is especially appropriate as the design is simple. The bracelet is sterling silver, the clasp is solid gold, and the price at Wanamaker's is $5.00.



Though it is but occasionally that any really new designs are shown in the little tailored collar pins, here is a set from Wanamaker's not at all ordinary. Of black enamel on silver, they look very smart and effective on the new high collars, $1.50.

TO the observer in the front row in the balcony there appears to be, now-a-days, many busy fireflies glowing—here and there and everywhere in the darkened orchestra of the theatre. They disappear entirely when the lights go up, and prove to be myriads of tiny rhinestones set in the jeweled combs and pins in Milady's hair.

For rhinestone hair ornaments—in spite of their utter disappearance a few seasons ago, when the little theatre caps became the vogue—are now more popular than they ever were before.

A pretty fashion indeed, its chief claim to popularity lying in the fact that while the thickly encrusted jeweled pins brighten up raven or dusky brown locks, the lady of Titian Tresses or Blonde can obtain either combs or pins so designed that they show large bits of dark tortoise shell for contrast between the rhinestone studdings.

The present style of coiffure really calls for something ornamental in the way of a pin or a comb to vary its plainness, and while rhinestones are not so brilliant in the daylight, they lighten up wonderfully and become diamond-like in their sparkle in the artificial light.

Cast from an old German design in German silver, the mounting of this black moiré "Colonial" bag is very attractive. So is the bag itself, which is exceptionally well lined and fitted and more than well made.

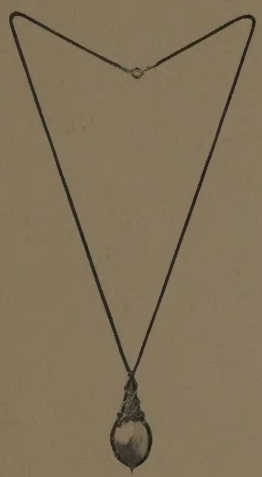
NEW TRINKETS.

The many little knick-knacks in smart jewelry novelties which make their appearance with the first crocus are not only interesting, but essentially important for they will make or mar your costume as you use them cleverly or otherwise.

As a matter of fact the list of "What NOT to Wear" is much longer than that of the "Appropriate."

However, a few bits of semi-precious jewelry carefully chosen and worn discriminatingly are very welcome and often useful additions to the jewel box.

Black enamel, or the more expensive black onyx still continues in favor and black and white effects predominate in jewelry as well as everything else this year.



A silken cord of narrow black ribbon is to take the place of the chain from which to suspend a bangle. An exquisite locket on a silk cord found at Stern Brothers is formed of an Abalone pearl set with marcasite on sterling silver.

The fashion started by Mrs. Vernon Castle's famous forehead band is growing to a remarkable extent. Very pretty and quaint indeed are the Cleo Bands which Betty Knickerbocker wears low on her forehead in true Oriental style. Here is one which Wanamaker sells for $5.00, *sprinkled with sparkling rhinestones set in sterling silver.*

The narrow black ribbon or silk cord necklace is slowly but surely taking the place of metal chains and is particularly dear to the hearts of the Younger Set. A wide variety of trinkets can be had to hang from them, so that one may change the bauble at any time. From a silly little ivory elephant to a grave great glowing pearl, these trifles can be had for as much or as little as one cares to spend for them.

SILK AND LEATHER HAND-BAGS.

In the matter of hand-bags, the new spring offerings differ not only in shape from those we have had in the past but they are now being made of many new and attrictive leathers. The ones showing touches of color are especially lovely.

A very sane feature of the newest bags is a noticeable lack of useless fittings. A mirror does not seem to belong in this class as it is especially necessary to woman.

One should be very careful in selecting a bag to choose it for its wearing qualities, particularly, as even a slightly worn bag is a sorry sight indeed.

Fancy and plain bags come in good trademarked lines that you may be sure will wear. One of the best styles seen this spring is the striped Saffian leather. They come in many good color combinations, but one particularly nice one was in a very dull blue and black, the tiny stripes of the Saffian leather blending the color stripes beautifully.

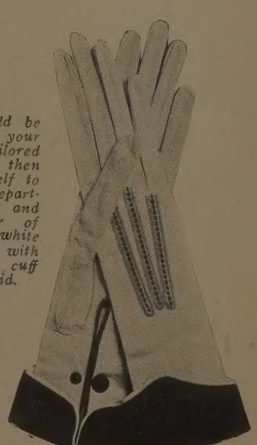
And then there is so much in the finish of a bag. When you make your purchase, be sure to watch the stitching—see that it is fine and even and where the handle is looped through the ring that attaches it to the bag a well-made bag will show where it has been strengthened by stitching.

A "Colonial" bag of unusual appearance. In smart two-tone striped Saffian leather of blue and black. It has an inner purse lined with white kid—a change purse and a swinging mirror, and is beautifully lined with rib silk. It can be had for $5.00 *in any department store.*

One comes to look involuntarily for the black and white combination in almost every detail of the Spring costume. Fownes have imported this eight-button white glacé glove with its funny little black swede trimmings from France, to conform with this latest vogue. They are to be found in all the smart shops.

An old friend—yes. But with a new face. Designed on long graceful lines, this rhinestone hair ornament sparkles and scintillates, and its shape nicely conforms, and very delicately calls attention to, the newest coiffures. From Bonwit Teller, priced at $10.00.

Twinkle, twinkle little star, not in the sky so blue, but in the soft hair of any wearer of this exquisite rhinestone comb. It is called the "Nell Brinkley" and can be had at Wanamaker's for as little as $5.00.



If you would be smart in your navy blue tailored Spring suit, then take yourself to the nearest department store and buy a pair of Fownes short white glacé gloves with a turnback cuff of black kid.

A New and Useful Nick-nack

This flower holder is of old-rose silk that is in beautiful contrast to its clever trimming of shirred ribbon in French blue and little pink silk roses. Gold braid is at the top and bottom and the little tassel at the end is of gold threads. Many other color combinations are to be had at prices ranging from $1 to $10.00.

Of beautifully etched glass this flower holder is most appropriate for the automobile, whose owners are especially proud of the decoration of its interior. It is shown with heavy gilt bands that are not as costly as the silver ones that afford an equally pleasing contrast with the crystal.

HERE is the cleverest flower holder it has been the writer's good luck to see in a long time.

The usual fault of most flower vases is that they tip over, or that they fill up table space that could be put to much better use, and as for endangering one's frills and furbelows by having one of the tipy-tilty things on one's dressing table, it is not to be thought of.

But this one—of so many different beautiful designs—can you see in the photograph how it is fastened to the mirror?—there is no danger to your frills here.

By a little rubber suction or vacuum cup it clings tightly to any glass or varnished surface. "Clings tightly" is not at all overstating its clinging powers, for it can be used in an automobile without the slightest danger of its falling off, in fact, it is just as safe there as it is attached to your dressing table mirror.

They come in many beautiful color combinations in brocaded and moiré silks, trimmed in contrast with the dearest French flowers. Then there are tubes in delicate etched glass with plain or engraved silver bands that are exquisite.

It may be added that the brocade and silk flower holders come equipped with inside glass tubes.

Clothes Seen on the Stage

(Continued from page 216)

ality of one's own may be cultivated; ought, by all manner of means, to be cultivated. If long lines and soft draperies and tunics suit you best you need not be afraid to have them. If the Watteau or the mid-Victorian fits better chose that. There never was a time when the stores were so prepared to assist you in a selection.

At Bonwit Teller's, for instance, I saw a most engaging turquoise blue pussy-willow for evening, matching Miss Herne's lavender frock in piquancy and general effect; I saw at the same time a pink chiffon, soft and drooping, that seemed to be made of the petals of Brobdingnagian roses: and I saw a peach-colored frock, that combined the two schools, so to speak, by having its material of a fine soft net, yet with *bouffant* skirts and underskirts and flounces. The skirts of suits are full as a rule but some skirts still combine the full overskirt and the narrower under. Such was one of Best's loveliest models—an evening dress—having a circular skirt made of silk-patterned net flounces joined together and hung over a straight slip of accordeon-pleated chiffon. Henri Bendel has full-skirted taffetas, and models of chiffon and net as close and slinking as you please. (As an *entremets* I was shown inimitable linen shirtwaists, similar to those Miss Starr had chosen for her sand-colored suit, some in lovely solid colors, some in whites bordered or scalloped with a color.)

And if your temperament may be suited in styles the stores are equally prepared to suit you in colors and shades. At Best's I found the new blues in variety, both in taffetas and failles, Belgians and Copenhagens, and the colder Arctic and midnight blues, a shade for every skin. I'm not suggesting that you are limited to blues. I simply noted that color because one of Miss Starr's duckiest frocks was of Belgian blue, and my mind was rather running on it.

As to that disputed matter of Paris versus American fashions Miss Starr and Miss Herne again took opposite sides. Miss Herne has never depended very much on Paris for her clothes. Her ideas come from her own head and are carried out by her man dressmaker working in harmonious co-operation. "American women have their own type of smartness," she said. "different from the French women, but just as fetching in its own way. I feel that this smartness can be better brought out by creating our own styles right here in America than by taking over bodily the French styles or adapting them."

But Miss Starr thought there was something about the natural creative genius of the French, combined with a capacity for and patience in working out artistic detail, that gave them such a headstart as we should not be able to catch up with in a long time. She preferred to buy from those who imported from Paris. In support of her opinion she offered one argument among others, small but telling—the ingenious way in which the long cuffs on one of her linen shirtwaists were fastened. Buttonholes, six or eight, ran along either edge, links made of pearl-shaped buttons joined by twisted threads of silk went through the buttonholes, and the designer had even thought to catch invisibly each twisted strand to the corner of a buttonhole that there might be no slipping away and losing one of the tiny ornaments. "I'm sure that such painstaking daintiness could have come from nowhere except a Parisian workshop," said Miss Starr. And she did rather point her argument. But you see you may have the support of a charming lady, whichever way you face.

ANN ARCHIBALD.

Buttoned high to the chin or worn open, this simple waist of Georgette crêpe with embroidered scalloped edge is always smart. When the scalloped edge is in color the waist is as beautiful as it is smart. This waist and the other two shown on the page are from Gidding and are pictured here because of their resemblance to the three waists shown me by Miss Frances Starr, which she said had been purchased from Gidding.

A slender edge of blue on cuffs and collars relieves the simplicity of a waist of Georgette crêpe. Little tucks give a suggestion of fullness to the body, and the sleeves are lovely. They are bishop sleeves with tight-fitting cuffs that are held together by six or eight-button links.

Plain, save for its intricate design of fine hemstitching, this lovely waist of crêpe de chine comes in many colors. With a rolled collar a little high in the back, and tight-fitting cuffs finishing a sleeve that is a little on the order of the bishop, it is just the thing for wear with a tailored suit.

The hemstitching is on the cuff as well as on the body of the blouse.

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